The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

You ask for a tangible shadow,
  That shall a reminder be
Of beautiful tender twilights,
  When you stood by the river with me.

How clearly the mirroring waters
  Reflected the heavens above;
And life was a dream of beauty,
  To the hearts that were full of love.

We quoted from kingly poets,
  Of lovers, loyal and true;
And fancy painted a picture
  More fair than the poet drew.

We builded an airy castle,
  With turrets gilded and high—
Alas, for the dear delusion!
  Alas, for the days gone by!

Alas, for the fond hopes perished!
  For the beautiful songs unsung;
Alas, for the sorrow that maketh old,
  In the days when our years are young.

We walk no more 'neath the moonbeams,
  And our paths lie far apart;
And never a thrill of the old-time love
  Shall come unto either heart.

Yet when—altho' changed and faded—
  The face in the picture you see,
You will think of departed twilight,
  Of the rock, and the river, and me.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.

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VII.

A LETTER FROM RUPERT.

"Annis," said I, as, after Susie's disappearance, Andrew shouldered his hoe, and walked away—"is she the one Rupert wanted to marry?"

"*Susie?* Lor!"

"No; Miss Rupell."

"Hush! Who told you that?"

"You did."

"No, I didn't. *I didn't*," said Annis, vehemently. "No one tells anything she does—or— Did you ever know Jack the Giant-killer?"

I mentally ran over the short list of my acquaintances, but could recall no such person, so I answered "No."

"Well, if I should tell you—*that* would happen to me."

"What?"

"What the hatchet did, you know. And yet I ain't eggs, so I can't exactly understand it. I think I shall have to take a turn pretty soon."

"Was *he* Drewan?" I went on, presently.

"Yes, the one with the hoe. Why didn't he cut her head off with it?"

"Whose? Susie's?"

"The serpenting one. She'll eat *his* heart some day."

I shuddered at this prediction, and all my former dislike returned in full force, and was instantly trebled in my mind.

When we returned to the house one of the servants told us that Miss Rupell had gone home.

"Missis wouldn't see her—you know why."

"The bull did fight the bumble-bee, and scratched him in the face," was Annis's mystical rejoinder.

Three weeks had passed, and I had become thoroughly domesticated in Mrs. Rupell's family, though, in all that time, I had seen its mistress but twice, and each time she had held her gloomy state in the closed and darkened chamber—never moving except to express her wishes by rapid signals to the silently-attentive Mrs. Bromer. Each time I had caught my glimpse of her, peeping from behind Annis's ample skirts, to which I clung, awed and fearful, for her silent life among those closed curtains and glimmering candles, seemed to me to be connected with some deed of horror, now sunk in the dark silence of the grave. In vain I asked an explanation of Annis. It caused in her an utter confusion of ideas, and necessitated a series of whirls that made me dizzy. Mrs. Bromer I never thought of questioning, and a feeling of delicacy withheld me from making inquiries of the servants about a matter that I felt could be no theme for common gossip. From Mr. Rouncer alone I might have obtained some information, for since he had discovered that I could speak French, he had been very gracious and condescending, always wishing me "bone joor" in the morning, and "bone swore" when we separated for the night. Once he had invited me into his own private apartment, and bestowed upon me a glass of something very sweet, very strong and pungently aromatic, that he called "carryso." He often referred to the public buildings and amusements of "Parry," under the impression that they must be familiar to me as a

HEROIC CONDUCT OF KING PEPIN.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

resident—and always "put me through my paces" when any stranger to myself chanced to dine at our table. He had also a way of bearing down upon me in my progress through the house, or my wanderings through the grounds, with such remarks as—"What would you say to ha walk hon the Bullyvar such ha day has this, Kittie?" or "Wouldn't the lookhout from the Pong Noof be something fine this morning?" "This 'ouse is werry well, but not much compared to the Tooleroos hor the Loover?" But, notwithstanding Mr. Rouncer's suavity, I feared to speak of the subject that engrossed the greater part of my thoughts at this time, for might it not come to Mrs. Bromer's ears, by her be reported to Mrs. Rupell, and thus lead to my ultimate banishment from this house, where only I could hope again to see or hear of Rupert?

I had not seen Miss Rupell since the day she had gone down the walk with the scarlet lilies in her hand. Neither was I aware of any callers having been at the house. I had not ventured into the yellow drawing-room again, but I had wandered around by the bright-stained window, behind which the organ reared its silent pipes, and was surprised to find it but a mass of dingy, lifeless coloring, instead of the glowing hues which had impressed themselves so vividly upon my imagination. Disenchanted and bewildered I had extended my peregrina ions, and discovered that the house was equally surprising in its different aspects, for one portion would be low and antique, with quaint carving, and queer overhanging roof and deep-sunken windows, leaden-sashed and diamond-paned, while another would give the exterior of lofty walls, with pillared portico, and long, plate-glass windows, shadowed by costly draperies; and yet another would jut out in a crystal rondo, and would have high gothic windows, opening on pretty balconies and a pointed porch, vine-shaped, with two walls stretching from it like arms, bearing at intervals vases of stone, or of curiously intertwisted roots and branches, filled with strange foreign plants. Of these, some were roughly spiked, and others had dark-spotted leaves, shining as if varnished, and all were bursting into fiery jets of color, spreading soft, creamy, many-petaled disks, expanding chalices, all flame without, and iridescent as a shell within, or clustering golden stars of a ravishing fragrance against a mass of glossy, wax-like foliage. I had been forbidden to touch them, but as I could still look at them and inhale their odors I cared little for this prohibition, but, perched upon the wall, between two vases, would luxuriate in the feast of color and perfume, and dream away the hours as idle and as happy as the bees and butterflies that hovered with me over and around my vases of delight.

One day, while sitting in my accustomed place, I heard footsteps on the broad, stone walk that led up to the porch, and a woman's voice said—

"It was exactly a month yesterday. I am sure I should be glad to see the person I hated most of all the world, after having been shut up for a month."

"I don't think she would be glad to see any of us if she had been shut up for a year," replied a voice I thought I recognized.

"She has never told either Mira or myself that she did not wish us to come here—and as Rupert went off so quietly, I don't think she need feel any further anxiety on your account," said a third voice, and, peering from behind one of my vases, I saw three ladies slowly coming towards me. One was short and fair and plump, one was tall and fair and gaunt, and the third was Miss Rupell. As they approached me, the short one said—"What little midget is that sunning herself on the wall?"

"A little girl belonging to the house," said Miss Rupell—and the tall one nodded and smiled, and pausing an instant, asked me if I liked flowers.

"I won't go into the house yet," said Miss Rupell, "Kittie and I are somewhat acquainted, and I wish to hear what she has been doing since I saw her last."

The other ladies went to the porch, rang the bell and were admitted, while Miss Rupell leaned against the wall, where I was sitting cross-legged like a Turk, and with her shawl knotted gracefully around her waist, and her broad hat swinging from one careless hand, held up the other, in which was a letter, just before my eyes. I looked from her to it, and from it to her.

"Can't you read?" she asked, smiling. I bent forward and read the inscription—"For Persephone the Queen."

"From Rupert?" I asked eagerly, but doubtful of so great joy."

"It came in a letter to me yesterday."

In a letter to *her!*

"Aren't you going to take it?" she asked, evidently surprised.

"No."

"It is written to you. Rupert wished me to give it to you."

"I don't want it," I said, sullenly.

"Shall I tell Rupert, when I write to him, that you didn't want it?"

"You may tell him—nothing."

"But he will ask if you have it, and expect an answer."

"I don't know how to write." I told this lie unblushingly.

"Don't you? Then you can tell me what you wish to say, and I will write it for you."

"I haven't anything to say," I replied, pulling at the stiff, waxen leaves of the plant at my side.

"Nothing to say to Rupert, whose life you saved, and who brought you here!"

"I didn't save his life. He needn't have brought me here."

"Kittie, you are a strange little puss this morning. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes—I—feel—well."

My lip was trembling; something seemed to rush from my heart to my head like a great wave, and blind me. I felt sick and dizzy, but I was determined not to shed a tear before her.

She walked down to the end of the wall and back again. I looked at her, and then at the sky, that seemed no longer blue; at the flowers, whose color and perfume had disappeared; at the shady, rustling foliage, whose cool green had so refreshed my eyes. How faded and sombre it looked, and the sunlight seemed so wan!

She stood again near me, the gold of the sun on her shining hair and in her shining eyes, and on her dark cheeks the cactus's scarlet bloom.

"You are *jealous of me*," she said, in her sweet voice, the liquid tones prolonging each syllable. "Silly child!" and she laughed—a sweet, rippling laugh, and seizing my hands, drew me down to her until she could kiss me on the mouth.

I wrenched myself away from her. "What is it to be jealous?" I asked.

"I don't know. I never had cause to be jealous. I only know that there is such a thing, and that it makes you refuse to read Rupert's letter."

I knew that, child as I was, she enjoyed this misery of mine—that it colored her cheek and made her eyes shine; and I would at that moment have given my small life and all the golden dreams of my future to transfer to her breast what was then raging in mine. But still I kept back my tears and locked my small, cold hands together in my lap, and in so doing steadied myself and looked into her face with burning eyes, but silent lips.

She walked away from me again, and again I heard a low laugh bubble from her lips, and saw her graceful shoulders shake a little as she glided down the broad, stone walk, over which her bright skirt trailed like a serpent's shining train.

The other ladies came out presently, and Miss Rupell joined them at the end of the walk. When I could no longer see them, I slid from the wall, and flinging myself full-length at its foot, gave myself up to an agony of tears. My letter, my precious letter was gone with them, and 'twas all my own fault!

"Kittie! Kittie!" said a voice from behind the wall. I sprang to my feet, dashing away my tears with my loosened hair, and trying to look as cheerful as possible.

"What have you been about?" said Mrs. Bromer, making her appearance and looking more than half-inclined to shake me. "You are wanted in the house, and your hair isn't tidied, your apron is soiled—and—you have been crying, I declare! What can *you* have to cry about?" So saying, she took me by the hand, led me in under the pointed porch, across a wide, airy hall with a mosaic floor, into a lovely little room, furnished in blue and white, where, I was dimly conscious, glancing from under my swollen lids, through the hair that fell over my face, that I was set like a prisoner before some one all clad in airy white and blue, like the room. I heard Mrs. Bromer's retreating footsteps, the soft closing of a door, and Miss Rupell's sweet voice said, "Look up, child!"

I looked up with a start and saw *Mrs. Rupell*, no longer in mourning, but wearing an azure morning robe, with her fair hair disposed in broad waved bands on either side her face, with blue ribbons in her small lace cap, and a marvellous handkerchief lying under her hands, which sparkled with diamonds. "Put your hair from your face," she continued. I obeyed, feeling myself blush under the piercing gray eyes, which scanned my face so attentively.

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"And your name is Persephone—so my grandson's letter tells me. Your father saved his life, and he, in return, has bestowed you upon me, upon whom you have no claim whatever, not even through him, for he is nothing to *me*."

My heart beat so that I felt as if suffocating. "Shall you send me away?" I stammered.

"No, I shall not send you away. In the first place, Rupert has not given me the slightest clue as to where he found you; and in the second place I want just such a little maid as you will be to comb my hair and wait upon me. Sit down there and tell me what you have been crying about."

I sat down, dropped down rather, and lowered my head in confusion.

"Perhaps you don't wish to tell me?"

"I—would—rather—not."

"Very well, then, you need not, to-day. To-morrow, when you are combing my hair, you shall tell me, for, if any one cries in my house, I wish to know the reason why. You may go now, and at ten o'clock to-morrow morning Bromer will show you the way to my room."

VIII.

I COMB MRS. RUPELL'S HAIR.

It was Annis who came for me the next morning and led the way to Mrs. Rupell's room. She was very anxious to know what I wah to do there, and when I told her that I was to comb Mrs. Rupell's hair, asked if I should use a cock-comb or a honeycomb.

I found Mrs. Rupell sitting before a mirror, with her long hair loose upon her shoulders. She had a book in her hand, and when she saw me, told Mrs. Bromer to give me a brush and comb. "Now, be careful, child," she said, as I stationed myself behind her, and began to pass the comb awkwardly, through the long, thick locks. Then she took up her book, and began to read, while Mrs. Bromer busied herself about the room. My touch soon became more even, and it was pleasant to me to see the abundant lengths grow smooth and glossy under my hands.

Mrs. Rupell continued to read while Mrs. Bromer was in the room, but as soon as we were alone, she laid her book in her lap, and said:—"Now, child, tell me why you were crying yesterday? Don't pull my hair so. You were doing nicely before."

"I was crying because—because—"

"Because what?"

"Because Miss Rupell brought me a letter."

"Miss Rupell brought you a letter?"

"From—Rupert."

"*Mr. Rupell*, you mean? Well, what was there in the letter to make you cry?"

"I—I didn't read it."

"Then *why* did you cry?"

"Because—I—didn't read it."

"Can't you read?"

"Oh! yes; but—"

"But what?"

"I—I didn't want to read it."

"Child, you are incomprehensible! You didn't read the letter, you didn't *wish* to read it, and you cried because you did *not* read it. *Why didn't you wish to read the letter?*"

"Because he had written to *her*, too." I burst out with this, with my face in a flame—and then, seeing Mrs. Rupell's eyes fixed upon my reflection in the glass, my hands went up before my face to hide it. I stood thus for a minute, but, as she said nothing, I glanced from between my fingers, and saw that she had resumed her book. "You may go now, child," she said, presently, without looking up, and, thankful for this permission, I fled. I must have wandered up and down the garden for two hours, wondering what Mrs. Rupell would think of my singular confession, and if Rupert would ever write to me again, if he would ever come back, and if, in the event of his return, he would marry Miss Rupell. If so, I resolved to throw myself into the pool that Rupert had shown me—the "Dark Pool," as Annie had told me it was called—and which I had never visited since that day. Perhaps Rupert would feel sorry when he should find me floating on the water, with a wreath around my head, after the fashion of Ophelia. Perhaps he would kiss my "clay-cold corse," and cut off a long tress of my hair, to remember my love by. The thought was gloomily fascinating, and tempted me to steal down to the brink of the pool, but, just as I had reached it, I heard my name called, and sprang back into the garden.

"*She* wants you," said Annie—who always spoke of Mrs. Rupell as "she"—and cast quite a halo of mystery around that pronoun by the tone in which she said it. "You are to lunch with her. So sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and live upon nothing but strawberries and cream. See if you don't find *stones* in your peaches!" With this mysterious warning she left me.

Mrs. Rupell was in the room furnished with blue, in which I had seen her the preceding day. A small table was set for two, and it made quite a picture in my eyes, with its pyramid of fruit, its small silver service, and gold-lined basket, heaped with amber-colored and dark fruity cake. I was made to sit opposite to Mrs. Rupell, and was liberally supplied by her with everything on the table. But while I was eating, I remarked that she seemed to be occupied in watching me, and that her chocolate was pushed aside, almost untasted, the biscuit crumbled on her plate by her unheeding fingers. I felt a little nervous under this scrutiny, but was relieved when she said:

"You handle your knife and fork very well, and your manner at the table is good, and yet your father was a common fisherman."

"He was *not* a common fisherman! He knew French and Latin, and—"

"I did not say that he was a *common man*. I spoke with regard to his business, which was that of a common fisherman. *You* convince me that he was no ordinary person."

Then the door opened, and Miss Rupell came in, looked surprised to see me, and, gliding up to her grandmother, dropped a light kiss on her cheek. Mrs. Rupell made a movement with her head, as if to shake off the kiss, and her granddaughter, wishing me "good-morning" very sweetly, seated herself at the table.

"What a nice thing it is to have hot-houses!" said she. "Our grapes are not more than half ripe."

"I thought your father had a hot-house."

"He has a hot-house, in one sense, grandmamma. Let us hope it will not get too hot to hold him."

"I think Mrs. Roger does very well. She has energy, and is above-board in all she says and does. I can forgive almost anything but hypocrisy."

"People can speak too plainly sometimes," said Miss Rupell.

Mrs. Rupell grew very pale, and darted a severe glance at her granddaughter, who went on pulling grapes from the stem, looking very suave and innocent.

"For my part," continued the granddaughter, "if people hear anything disagreeable about me, I would prefer that they should keep it to themselves. If they dislike me, I would rather not know it, and if they think me ugly, I would wish to be left to cherish the delusion that I am pleasing in their sight."

"So they think you ugly at home, do they?" said Mrs. Rupell, very much with the air of agreeing with them.

"Cassa always lets me know that *she* thinks so, when a young man comes into the house, but—the young men are—inclined to be—hypocritical."

"Tastes have changed since I was a girl."

"You are not going to be—hypocritical, grandmamma. I am said to look so much like my grandfather."

"Your grandfather was a *handsome* man."

"You thought so, because you were fair, grandmamma. The *blue*-eyed Solomons all think *me* black, but comely."

"Speaking of *Solomons* does not lead very naturally to Rupert. But I hear you had a letter from him yesterday."

Miss Rupell glanced quickly at me as she replied, "I had a *long* letter. If I had thought you would have cared—"

"I would *not* have cared. But I suppose, from the fact of his having written, that he arrived safely and is well?"

"Very well, and desired to be remembered to everybody. Did Kittie tell you that he wrote to her also?"

"Kittie who?"

"Kittie—Triton. Didn't you say your name was Triton?"

"Her name is neither Triton nor Kittie," interposed Mrs. Rupell.

"I received my information from herself."

"Did you tell her that was your name, child?"

"Ye-es, ma'am."

"Why did you?"

"Mrs. Bromer told me that was to be my name."

"A very singular proceeding on Bromer's part! I will ask her what she meant," said Mrs. Rupell, rising to ring the bell.

"Please don't! I will tell you how it was," I said, springing forward and arresting her hand. In a few words I confessed my fiction of the coral island, my sea-sprung origin, and the mistake to which it had led on Mrs. Bromer's part.

Mrs. Rupell first laughed, and then looked grave. "It is always wrong to tell an untruth," said she. "But circumstances alter cases, and you have been, in a manner, 'living on your wits' for the last three weeks. But remember, child, with me truth is always the best recommendation."

"I promise," said I, eagerly, "always to tell you the truth."

"Speak the truth always and to every one *for the truth's sake*. If you have had all you wish, Ruth, I will ring the bell and have this taken away."

"Certainly, grandmamma. Pray, what is the little girl's name?"

"Persephone. A pretty name, but rather long. I think I shall shorten it to Percy."

"Percy what?"

"Simply Percy. That is long enough for so little a body."

"So she is to be Percy, per se? Excuse the pun, grandmamma. May I go into the garden and get some flowers for my vases at home?"

"Certainly, child. You won't find Andrew there, however."

"Oh! I am not afraid of my hands. They have handled thorns as well as roses. Good-morning, grandmamma."

"You may go also, Percy," said Mrs. Rupell. "This is the time that I usually take for my afternoon sleep."

I followed Miss Rupell into the garden—at a distance, however—until she called me to her, and asked where the tri-colored honeysuckle grew most abundantly. I led her to the place, and helped her gather them until her arms were filled to overflowing. "I love them," said she. "They catch the faint and delicate fragrance of the wild flowers and hide it in their spicy trumpets, that when the south wind sounds their notes they may give an echo of the lost spring-time. I wonder if all people who love flowers talk nonsense about them? I do, just as people do about their babies, so you mustn't think I am out of my senses, whatever you may hear me say. But are they not beautiful?" she continued. "Perhaps not so beautiful as sweet. Would you like to know how they sound? Every flower to me has sound as well as color and odor." She paused an instant, and then began to improvise the strangest melody. Shrill, vibrating trills shook through the strain, and seemed to shiver like crystals on mellow tones of wonderful depth and richness. She wove her flowers into a wreath as she sang, and their fragrance and color seemed to be a part of herself and her song. Tra! la! la! 'a! her voice rang out, and then linked to the exultant tones a low, passionate modulation that seemed to be heavy with spicy odors, and to sweep like a warm, perfumed wind around us. "The flowers are dying," she sang, "the south wind has stolen their breath, and—" her voice sank with a mournful cadence, "they are dead."

"What, dying, my roses dying!
You, with the hearts of cream,
And you, with the cheeks of velvet—
Fading away like a dream!
I hold you, I kiss you—
Your fragrance slips
From your hearts like a sigh,
And your colors die
Under the touch of my lips!

"What, dying, my lilies dying!
Drooped on your slender stems,
My virgins in snowy garments,
With radiant, golden hems.
I hold you, I kiss you—
Why do you look so wan?
Your fragrance faints
While I make my plaints—
The white-souled lilies are gone!

"Oh! strong and hardy blossoms
Which come when the roses are dead,
I have no heart in my bosom
For you in your yellow and red!
I will not hold you nor kiss you,
You are too flaunting and bold.
I will wait till the Spring
Shall my sweet roses bring;
No new love can be like the old."

"Is that a pretty song?" she asked, pausing.

"Beautiful," I said.

"I am glad you think so. The music and words are my own—and they won for me these bracelets from Rupert." She pushed back the sleeves from her slender wrists, and showed me two bracelets of foreign coins. How lithe and taper those slender brown arms were, and how graceful their action as she danced down the path before me, her flowing wreath upheld by both hands!

I supposed that she had gone home, until I passed by the windows of the housekeeper's apartments, about an hour after, and saw her sitting in one of the broad window-seats (the flowers, all withered and drooping, lying across her lap,) with Mrs. Bromer's stern face opposite, her eyes fixed upon hers, and her lips moving rapidly. I had been looking for Annis, but when I saw Miss Rupell, I no longer wished to go in, and turned my steps towards the front of the house, thinking I would have a famous run on the stone floor of the balcony that ran under the French windows. As I turned the corner I met Mrs. Rupell—a blue crèpe shawl thrown over her morning-robe, one corner brought over her head, the long fringe entangling itself in her fair, disordered hair. She was walking hurriedly, and her cheeks were flushed, while her delicate robe trailed unheeded over the ground. I remarked upon this, running towards her, and raising the trailing skirt in neat folds, within the reach of her hands.

"Thank you," said she, smiling. "My dream has put everything out of my head. Such a singular dream! You were in the garden with Miss Rupell, Percy. When did she go away?"

"She is not gone yet."

"She is here, then? She is in Bromer's room . . . sitting on a window-seat. . . She has a honeysuckle-wreath on her lap, . . but the flowers are withered, and . . . Bromer sits opposite her . . . with such a face . . . . *such a face!* They . . . are . . . talking . . . of *me*."

She said all this, looking straight before her, and speaking slowly and dreamily.

"I don't know what they are talking—but they are there—as you said."

"Have you seen them, Percy?"

"I saw them just before I met you."

"It is very strange. I suppose I have often dreamed—but never, before, have I remembered a dream. And this was so vivid. When I awoke I could still hear her voice, saying— Nonsense! I am become a regular old woman—believing in and telling my dreams! Come with me, Percy, and see if you can't comb some of these foolish ideas out of my head."

When I had finished combing and braiding her abundant hair, Mrs. Bromer came into the room to ask for a key.

"You have had a call from Miss Rue," said Mrs. Rupell, as she gave it to her.

"Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Roger wished my rule for brandy-peaches.

IX.

I AM INTRODUCED TO PROFESSOR GOMPELHEIM.

For about a week I saw little of Mrs. Rupell. Twice a day I combed and braided her hair, and the rest of my time I disposed of as I pleased. Part of it was spent in a thorough exploration of the grounds around the house; but some of my happiest hours were passed among the vases on the wall, in the company of some book lent me by Mrs. Rupell, whom I could see, as I read, sitting in a window of the Blue Room, her book or her work in her hand. When I returned a book, she always asked me my opinion of it; and once, hearing me humming an air to myself, asked me to sing aloud. I was a little frightened at first; but after awhile I managed to sing the Song of Ariel, when she was pleased to inform me that I had a very good voice, which, if cultivated, would do me a great deal of credit. But when I eagerly inquired, should I ever be able to sing like Miss Rue—of this she could not assure me.

Miss Rupell came every day, now, to see her grandmother, who seemed very little impressed by her filial affection. She did not appear to see me, on these occasions; neither did I ever hear my name mentioned by either, in the conversations of which I used to catch a good deal, as I crouched among my beloved plants.

"Why are you so unusually affectionate, to-day?" Mrs. Rupell would say. "There is no one near, to be impressed."

"You are near, to be both pressed and impressed," Miss Rupell would reply, laughing—not a tinge of resentment of the imputation in her sweet voice.

"You only *tumble me*," Mrs. Rupell would reply.

"You should not wear so much chemisette, grandmamma. Have you no mercy on your laundress?"

"She doesn't have to do up ten white skirts in a week, for me."

"I can't bear to wear anything that looks soiled. All the Rupells are neat, you know."

"I think that neatness as often consists in keeping clean, as in frequent changes."

"I quite agree with you, grandmamma. But every one can not be as particular as you are."

"Nonsense! Neatness is not a talent, but an acquirement."

"I have learned a new song, grandmamma."

"I congratulate you."

"Now you know I never bored you with my old ones, grandmamma!"

"I like to hear you sing, Ruth. Your voice is the prettiest thing about you."

"Then I will sing to you—though it is much prettier with the accompaniment."

"I intend to have a piano soon."

"Oh! you darling! A superb one, I hope."

"I had thought of asking you to select it."

"My dearest grandmamma! It would give me so much pleasure."

"Shall I order the carriage to-morrow, then?"

"Any time you please. I will keep my song now, to sing to the new piano."

"What a charm anything new has for you, Ruth!"

"Everything except a new grandmamma. There I decidedly prefer my old one."

"As it is not *possible* for you to have a new one."

"Of course not. The only impossibility I know of."

"Humph!"

The new piano made its appearance in a couple of days. It was placed in the Blue Room, and, through the window, I could see Miss Rupell sitting before it, and hear her play upon it until the clouds which slowly sailed above my head, the waving branches of the trees, the gently-swaying vines all seemed to move together in one grand accord to one harmonious rhythm. I had never seen Mrs. Rupell seem as pleased with her granddaughter as now. She stood by the piano while she played and sang. All she might say was listened to without a captious reply; her caresses were received graciously; her funny speeches laughed at. Miss Rupell was triumphant—but none but the careful observer could have perceived it. Children are careful observers—and I had heard enough said by the servants, seen enough of the relations existing between the young lady and her grandmother at the first interview witnessed by me, to perceive a change in the manner in which Miss Rue now came into her grandmother's house, and suggested various alterations and improvements with the quiet air of a future proprietor. Did Mrs. Rupell observe it? If she did, it pleased her to perceive it, for the suggested alterations were made, and a magnificent, carved music-stand replaced the antique contrivance brought from the organ-room, the old-fashioned music-books yielded to superbly-bound collections of the finest modern composers, and a bust of Mozart looked down from the handsome bracket above the piano, instead of the smoky-visaged St. Cecilia deposed from that eminence.

"Now, grandmamma, that looks something like; and I would propose to have a fine landscape or sea-view, hung just within the range of one's eyes, when looking up from the keys. There is nothing so unfavorable to inspiration as a blank wall staring one in the face. One wishes to look beyond—into the cool heart of a wood, or out over the limitless sea."

"A very good idea, Ruth. I will have that Claude Lorraine brought down. Don't you think that will do?"

"Nicely; or that Poussin."

"We will try the sea-view, first."

"As you please, grandmamma."

One day, as I was sitting in my accustomed place, Miss Rupell coming up the walk, condescended to see me, and not only to see me, but to speak to me.

"Good-morning, Percy," she said, very graciously. "Rupert sends his love to you."

I looked up, with a start.

"Oh! he isn't here," she said, laughing. "I had a letter from him last night."

I continued to look at her eagerly. Had he said nothing more? Had he asked why I did not answer his letter?

"He is painting a—Cleopatra, I believe." She took a letter from her pocket, unfolded it, and continued—"Yes, this is what he says, 'I am engaged upon a Cleopatra at this present time. And strange as it may appear, she looks wonderfully like yourself. Had she been you, and had it been Socrates himself, instead of Marc Antony, who saw her come sailing down the Cydnus, he would have fallen at her feet all the same and prayed to live and die there.' But why am I reading this to you, Percy, who probably do not know that Cleopatra was the most fascinating woman of her time, and Socrates the wisest man of his. I thought perhaps you would like to know what Rupert is doing, and that he still thinks of those whom he has left in England."

"I am glad he is well," I said. "And I do know about Cleopatra and Marc Antony. He liked her for awhile, and then he went and married some one much nicer than she was, and made her very angry."

Miss Rupell laughed. "Oh! I see you are quite learned," she said, and went on into the house.

Through the window I could see her sitting at the piano and playing lightly with one hand, while she talked to her grandmother. Presently a strange name was announced, and I saw a small man, with a particularly large moustache, cross the room and bend very low before Mrs. Rupell with what seemed to me an exaggeration of respect. When Mrs. Rupell had said a few words to him, he turned towards Miss Rupell, who, half-turned from the piano, was watching, and asked, "Is dis de young lady?"

"No, she is not in the house," Mrs. Rupell replied, and coming to the window, beckoned to me. I sprang from the wall and went into the house, wondering and a little alarmed. Could this man have been sent to take me away?

As I opened the door Mrs. Rupell came forward, and taking me by the hand, led me to the stranger, to whom she said: "My daughter, Miss Percy Rupell. Percy, this is Professor Gompelheim, who has come to-day to give you your first lesson on the piano."

Her daughter! First came a feeling of utter bewilderment, and then I was conscious of a strong sense of exultation. She had called me her daughter—she had given me her name! That piano was mine. All the arrangements which Miss Rupell had suggested had been made for *me*. I was the *daughter of the house*, and as such the strange little German was performing his salaam before me.

I turned my eyes upon Miss Rupell. She had her back to us now, and was playing softly—very softly. Suddenly her hands swept swiftly and stormily over the keys, bringing a long, shuddering wail from the treble, to which the bass responded by a thunderous roll, like the discharge of artillery. Then she arose from the piano and came towards us smiling. "I must bid you good-morning, grandmamma. I promised to be at home by this time."

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Rupell. "Good-bye, then. I am really exceedingly obliged for the pains you have taken to make everything convenient for my daughter's music lessons. I know so little about music myself that I should have been quite at a loss for the proper arrangements had it not been for you."

"Pray do not thank me," said Miss Rupell. "One likes to do a benevolent action occasionally. Good-morning, Aunt Percy. I suppose, if she is your daughter, she must be my aunt."

As she said this I remarked that her eyes looked perfectly yellow, a clear, bright color, like amber, rayed with a darker tint, that came and went like flame. It was the first time I had observed this change of color, and it almost frightened me to see the soft, dark, velvety eyes assume this tigerish hue and brilliancy, and seem to *dart* towards one from under the covert of the long, veiling lashes. I clung closer to Mrs. Rupell's hand. "Good-morning, grandmamma," she said again, bowed graciously to the Professor, and left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 16, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) **$2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00.** Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard; and also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions and money should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

New subscribers are pouring in to take advantage of our liberal offers. But we are printing a large extra edition of the numbers from October 2d, and expect to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

A FAMILY FAILING.

We do not know what our readers think, but we take the liberty of saying that there are parts of this novelet of Miss Prescott's, which to our mind are splendid. Read the closing part of the present week's instalment, for instance.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Our readers will notice by our announcements for next year, that we have enrolled Mr. Frank Lee Benedict upon the list of the contributors for THE POST.

We have already in hand a fine Novelet from Mr. Benedict, waiting its turn for publication. Mr. Benedict is one of the best and most popular of our American writers of fiction.

FOOD FOR INFANTS AND SICK PEOPLE.

Some time ago we heard that it was the custom of a large number of "intelligent" mothers in this city, to feed their infants on cream in preference to milk. This shows how little of the most useful kinds of knowledge is taught in many of our schools. For while good cow's milk (unskimmed) is a very excellent food for infants, skimmed milk is far better than cream.

Apropos to this, we quote the following from the "*Herald of Health*" relative to a number of other mistakes in the matter of nutriment—premising that as to what is said about beef tea, a great deal depends, we think, upon how strong the tea is made. It seems to us it *may* be made very nutritious and strengthening indeed. But the *Journal of Health* is a little cranky and one-sided upon the subject of animal food—basing its ideas more upon theory, as we think, than on fact. It says:—

"Beef tea has a comparatively small percentage of nutriment in it. This any one can know for himself by considering how little beef it contains and how much water. Many English physicians now know that either oatmeal gruel or gruel made of corn or wheat has a much higher value for the sick. Florence Nightingale was one of the first to combat the popular error, that beef tea had a high nutriment value. Corn starch, arrow-root, and tapioca are also thought highly nutritive and delicate foods. It is very true they are delicate, being very fine and soft, but their nutritive value is small. What is corn starch? Simply the starchy portion of the kernel of corn, the other parts having been separated. Many mothers are led into the belief that when their babes need more nourishment than Nature provides, that arrow-root may be used to advantage, but it cannot be. It is totally unlike milk in composition, and cannot be appropriated by the stomachs of little babes. Thousands of children have been killed by the arrow-root food, and no doubt thousands more will be before their mothers will learn any better.

"Calves-foot jelly, now extensively advertised, is a most delicate food for sick folks, and as a dessert is worth about as much for an article of diet as a piece of ice. The Boston Journal of Chemistry, an excellent authority on this subject, says of this article:

"'Calves-foot jelly is another article of diet in great favor with nurses and friends of the sick. It is simply the height of folly to take one-half ounce of gelatine, make it into a certain bulk by dissolving it into water and then give it to the sick, as if the mere bulk represented nourishment. It is now known that jelly does not nourish, that it has a tendency to produce diarrhœa, and to trust to it to repair the waste of a diseased constitution, is simply to starve the sick under the guise of feeding them. If 100 spoonsful of jelly were given in the course of the day, you would have given one spoonful of gelatine, which spoonful has scarcely any nutritive power whatever.'

"Proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses are to blame for setting the example of feeding people on this worthless stuff. On the subject of diet, how ignorant they appear to be!"

"STAR COURSE OF LECTURES."—Mr. T. B. Pugh of this city announces a Course of Lectures in two series for the coming season, ranging from Oct. 19 to April 1st.

The lectures will be twenty in number, from the most popular lecturers in the country, including Charles Sumner, Rev. E. H. Chapin, G. W. Curtis, Hon. S. S. Cox, R. W. Emerson, Profs. Rogers and Morton, Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mark Twain, Miss Dickinson, &c.

Price of reserved seats for the first Series of *Ten* Lectures, $5 00. Single tickets 50 cts.—reserved seats 75 cts. Place, Academy of Music.

THE BULLS AND BEARS.—In our article last week upon "Gambling in Gold," we led our readers to infer that the Bulls had come off best in the recent contest in New York.

Later developments render this doubtful. The Bulls having bought large amounts of gold at high rates, just previous to the tumble to the old prices.

It is not of much importance to the community which set of gamblers won and which set lost, but we like our statements to be as near the truth as possible.

☞ Negotiations have been opened with the British Post-office Department by Postmaster-General Creswell, for a further reduction of the letter postage between this country and Great Britain to six cents.

☞ The President has issued a proclamation, recommending that Thursday, November 18th, be observed as a Day of Thanksgiving.

☞ Hon. Franklin Pierce, Ex-President of the United States, died at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 8th, in the 65th year of his age.

☞ Both houses of the Virginia Legislature have ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth (suffrage) Amendments nearly unanimously.

☞ The last accounts from New York say that money is extremely easy. Loans on call range from 5 to 7 per cent., but the bulk of the transactions are from 5 to 6.

☞ Old Father Taylor, of Boston, though aged seventy-seven, is still hale and hearty, and especially active at camp-meetings. Lately at Eastham, Massachusetts, he became much interested in a young man, for whom he prayed thus: "Oh Lord, perhaps You do not know who the young man is. He is Captain ——, son of ——, of Harwich, one of our best friends and most prominent citizens."

☞ Railroad kings are multiplying.—Hitherto Commodore Vanderbilt and Fisk, Jr., have been looked upon as wearing the car diadem, but a third is now coming in the person of James F. Joy, of Detroit, President of the Michigan Central, and a large owner in the Boston and Albany; New York Central; Great Western of Canada; Michigan Central; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy; and Hannibal and St. Joseph; and a Kansas road. His aim is to secure one unbroken line of uniform gauge from Boston to Galveston.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAREER OF THE GOD-IDEA IN HISTORY. By HUDSON TUTTLE, author of "Arcana of Nature," "Origin and Antiquity of Man," &c. Published by Adams & Co., Boston; and also for sale by C. W. A. Trumpler, Philada.

HESTER STRONG'S LIFE WORK; OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED. By Mrs. S. A. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Lawrence Monroe," &c. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut St., Philada.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS. Reprinted entire from the last English edition. Edited by her Sister. In two volumes. We are glad to see this announcement of another edition of Mrs. Hemans's refined and beautiful poetry. Her volumes are peculiarly suitable for a gift to some dear friend. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

DRUM AND FIFE INSTRUCTION. By GARDNER A STRUBE, Drum Major 12th Infantry N. G., S. N. Y. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE CHORAL TRIBUTE. A Collection of New Church Music, for Choirs, Singing Schools, &c. By L. O. EMERSON, author of "Harp of Judah," &c. The matter in the "Choral Tribute," (with the exception of a few old standard Congregational tunes,) it is stated, has never appeared before in any work, and is consequently fresh and attractive. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; and also for sale by C. W. A. Trumpler, Philad.

VERONIQUE. A Romance. By FLORENCE MARRYAT. Published by Loring, Boston.

THE LAKE SHORE SERIES. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of "Young America Abroad," &c. We have before us four volumes of this series, by one of the most interesting writers for boys in the country. They are—"SWITCH OFF; OR, THE WAR OF THE STUDENTS." "ON TIME; OR, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN OF THE UCAYGA STEAMER." "LIGHTNING EXPRESS; OR, THE RIVAL ACADEMIES." "THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT; OR, THE YOUNG ENGINEER OF THE LAKE SHORE RAILROAD." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE. Published by G. W. Childs, Philadelphia. The number for October 1st, is on our table, with the usual excellent assortment of interesting literary information.

Nutting Picnic.

The children of the public schools of Philadelphia were given a holiday on the 8th to enjoy an old-time nutting picnic in Fairmount Park. A survey of the grounds, previously made, disclosing that there were distributed over the various portions of the Park over 500 chestnut and walnut trees, the grounds were so divided in sections, to one or more of which a school section was assigned, as to afford equal facilities for all the children. A number of men were employed to shake the trees, but on arriving at the grounds the boys assumed voluntarily this duty, leaving the men scarcely anything to do.

At an early hour the various lines of railways were crowded with anxious little beings all impatient to enter upon their day's recreation, their animated faces and gestures well rewarding those who inaugurated the movement for any pains or trouble that they may have undergone. From this hour till far into the afternoon the throng of parents and children continued to flow in a steady stream into the Park, and at one time not less than 20,000 children were ranging within its limits, free from all remembrances or thoughts of irksome and tiresome lessons, and devoting all their energies to the enjoyment of the hour.

These, with their parents, friends and those who visited the Park to observe the children sporting in their unwonted liberty, formed an assembly such as was probably never before witnessed in Philadelphia. This one day's freedom and relaxation from study will prove of undoubted benefit to the children.

Card From Mrs. Stowe.

Mrs. Stowe writes as follows to the Hartford Courant:—

"Mrs. Stowe desires the friends of justice and fair dealing to publish for her this announcement: That she has kept silence heretofore in regard to the criticisms on her article on Lady Byron for two reasons.

"First—Because she regarded the public mind as in too excited a state to consider the matter dispassionately; and

"Second—Because she has expected the developements of additional proofs in England, some of which, of great importance, have already come to hand.

"Mrs. Stowe is preparing a review of the whole matter, with further facts and more documents, including several letters of Lady Byron to her, attesting the vigor and soundness of her mind at the period referred to, and also Mrs. Stowe's own letters to Lady Byron at the same time, which were returned to her by the executors soon after that lady's death. She will also give the public a full account of the circumstances and reasons which led her to feel it to be her duty to make this disclosure as an obligation alike of justice, gratitude, and personal friendship."

Official Announcement by President Grant of the Death of Ex-President Pierce.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8, 1869.—The painful duty devolves upon the President of announcing to the people of the United States the death of one of his honored predecessors, Franklin Pierce, which occurred at Concord early this morning. Eminent in public councils, and universally beloved in private life, his death will be mourned with a sorrow befitting the loss which his country sustains in his decease. As a mark of respect to his memory, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion, and the several Departments at Washington, be draped in mourning, and all business suspended on the day of the funeral. It is further ordered, that the War and Navy Departments cause suitable military and naval honors to be paid on this occasion to the memory of the illustrious citizen who has passed from among us.

U. S. GRANT.

☞ The mare Flora Temple, queen of the turf, is still hale and hearty, notwithstanding she has reached the advanced age of thirty-three years. This shows that fast trotting does not harm horses, if they are only properly cared for.

☞ An Arkansas boy got behind a bush, the other day, and imitated turkey talk so successfully that he got a charge of buckshot from his grandpa's fowling-piece.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Bearing the Yoke.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

* * *

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

* * *

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the ease of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

☞ The proper distinction between pie and tart is being confused. Bear in mind that a tart is an open structure in confectionery, whilst a pie is a closed one, and you'll make no mistake.

Legible Writing.

Amongst many sensible remarks of the late Lord Palmerston, his suggestions on the subject of legible handwriting are well worthy of attention. His lordship, who wrote a very plain, clear hand himself, thought everybody ought to be able to write in characters easily decipherable. We think so, too; the object of all writing is that it may be read. Many of our eminent men write a most abominable scrawl. It is not very long since a learned judge on the Northern Circuit threatened to inflict a heavy fine for contempt upon a functionary of the court, if he sent in such illegible documents again. Everybody knows Mr. Dickens's sketch of a learned serjeant, whose opinions all the solicitors sought on the most abstruse points of law, and whose old clerk was the only person in the world who could decipher them when the counsel had written them out. The great humorist himself is an offender; and of the manuscript that passes through our hands, at least one-third is not easily legible.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is more doing. Sales 800 bbl Illinois family at $6,70, and 9000 bbls, including superfine, at $5,25@5,75; extra at $6@6,25; low grades and fancy North-West extra family at $6,50@7,50; Pennsylvania extra family at $6,50@7; Ohio and Indiana family at $6,50@8,50, and fancy brands at $8@10 ℘ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat—40,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1,42@1,45 ℘ bus for good and prime; and 8000 bus of white at $1,50@1,55 ℘ bus, according to quality. Rye—5000 bus of Pennsylvania and Western sold at $1,07@1,10 ℘ bus. Corn—50,000 bus of Western mixed sold at 98c@$1; 20,000 bus of yellow at $1,05, and small lots of white at $1 ℘ bus. Oats—70,000 bus Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern, sold at 58@60c ℘ bus; 8000 bus of New York Barley sold at $1,20 ℘ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; sales of city packed Mess Beef at $22. Bacon; sales of sides at 19@21½c, and Shoulders at 16½@17½c. Green meats; sales of Shoulders at 15½@16c. Lard; sales of 2000 bbls and tcs at 18½@18¾c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 20c. Eggs are selling at 19@20c ℘ dozen for Western and Penna.

COTTON—There is no material change to notice. Sales of 600 bales middling at 28c for uplands, and 28½@29c ℘ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Oranges range from $5@10 ℘ box. Dried Blackberries sell at 12c ℘ lb; dried Apples at 7@9c; quarter Peaches at 7@7½c, and halves at 10@10½c ℘ lb. Green Apples sell at $1,50@4 ℘ barrel.

HAY—Sales of Prime Timothy Hay, ℘ 100 lbs, $1,25@1,30; mixed, $1,15@1,20; Straw, $1,20@1,40.

☞ It was discovered, the other day, that a man living in Holyoke, Mass., had provided himself with a wife in each of the four states of Maine, New Hampshire, Iowa and Michigan. He evidently wanted to be at home wherever he went.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 8¾@8¾ cts ℘ lb. 125 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ℘ head. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ℘ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $14,50 to 15,50 ℘ 100 lbs.

☞ Dry earth is said to be an excellent thing for galls or sores on horses, to be retained by a bandage, and changed as often as it becomes moist from absorption.

Let Us Protect Ourselves.

The physical structure of the strongest human being is vulnerable everywhere. Our bodies are endowed by nature with a certain negative power, which protects them, to some extent, from unwholesome influences; but this protection is imperfect, and cannot be safely relied on in unhealthy regions, or under circumstances of more than ordinary danger. Therefore, it is wisdom; it is prudence; it is common sense to provide against such contingencies, by taking an antidote in advance; in other words, by fortifying the system with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—the most complete protective against all the epidemic and endemic maladies that has ever been administered in any country. As a remedy for Dyspepsia, there is no medicine that will compare with it. Whoever suffers the pangs of indigestion, anywhere on the face of the earth where HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS can be procured, does so voluntarily; for, as surely as truth exists, this invaluable tonic and alterative would restore his disordered stomach to a healthy condition. To the nervous it is also especially recommended, and in cases of confirmed constipation it also affords speedy and permanent relief.

In all cases of fever and ague the BITTERS is more potent than any amount of quinine, while the most dangerous cases of billious fever yield to its wonderful properties. Those who have tried the medicine will never use another for any of the ailments which the HOSTETTER'S BITTERS professes to subdue. To those who have not made the experiment we cordially recommend an early application to the BITTERS whenever they are stricken by disease of the digestive organs. oct2-5t

☞ A North Adams deacon was somewhat surprised on returning from his church one Sunday last month, to find a dozen cows of a neighbor in his garden feasting on green corn and other vegetables. The neighbor was notified, but being too conscientious to drive cows on Sunday, refused to take care of them, whereupon the deacon concluded to drive them out himself. The owner then, on seeing his cattle heading as he feared for the pound, came out and remonstrated in high terms, severely censuring the religion of a man who had no higher motives than to drive cattle through the street on Sunday.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

☞ The London Saturday Review is of opinion that Americans speak "a language resembling the English, and with an emphasis and intonation which resemble nothing ever heard before."

WE learn that Messrs. *MASON BROTHERS*, of the city of New York, have just disposed of their large and valuable catalogue of music books to *OLIVER DITSON & CO.*, the well known music publishers. The Mason catalogue embraced upwards of seventy books, many of them of wide popularity, and included the "Mason and Hoadly Piano Method," "Root's Cabinet Organ Instructor," "New American Tune Book" (now in press), "Carmina Sacra," "Temple Choir," "Jubilee," &c., &c. We are informed that this acquisition to the already very extensive catalogue of Ditson & Co., makes it equal in extent and value to that of all the music publishers in the United States combined.—*New York Tribune, Sept. 24.*

☞ Why don't the colleges get up a new degree for musicians, and make superior professors fiddle D. D.'s?

Married "Full Up."

In Virginia, where the law fixes the marriage fee at one dollar, there is a reminiscence of a couple who many years ago called on a parson and requested him to marry them.

"Where is my fee?" said the old functionary.

The parties who were to unite their fortunes did so at once, and found the joint amount to be twenty-seven cents.

"I can't marry you for that sum," said the irate old gentleman.

"A little bit of service will go a long way," suggested the male applicant.

"Ah, no," said the parson; "you don't pay for the size of the pill, but for the good you hope it will do you."

The lass, intent on marriage, began to weep, but the parson was inexorable, and the couple turned sadly to depart. Just then a happy thought seemed to strike the forlorn maiden, and she turned and cried, through her tears—

"Please, sir, if you can't marry us full up, won't you marry us twenty-seven cents' worth? We can come for the rest some other time."

This was too much for the parson. He married them "full up," and they went on their way rejoicing.

Clothes Wringers.

Any sensible person can understand that a Wringer having cog-wheels which can play apart or disconnect when a large article is passing between the rolls, is little if any better than one without any cogs at all, because the cogs fail to be of service when most needed. The *Universal* has not this fatal objection, but is *Warranted Durable.*

☞ That bloody carnival, the Juggernaut Festival at Serampore, is gradually yielding to civilizing influences. This year there appeared to be comparatively little enthusiasm among the people in regard to it. An India paper states that the two great cars still stand on the roadside, half in the ditch, because the people will not pull them back to their places. In spite of the numbers hired to pull and to applaud, the cars were moved, on the first occasion, only half the usual distance, and there they lie in the mud, with the idols on them and flags flying. The Brahmins applied to the authorities to compel the people to pull, but in vain. Thus idolatry in and near the great cities of India seems to be tottering, supported by no enthusiasm and little faith.

R. R. R.

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That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

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WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

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INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
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Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, billious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* Fifty cents per bottle.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ John Bowen, who confessed to having caused the terrible Carr's Rock disaster on the Erie railway, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ A little girl who was watching the balloon ascension at Lewiston, Me., suddenly exclaimed:—"Mamma, I shouldn't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Why are they so popular? Simply because they are better than any others in existence; they give universal satisfaction; they do all that is claimed for them; they remove sickness and give health and strength.

☞ It is said to be a common practice in Paris to hire people to attend fashionable churches, so that the preachers may say that they always have crowded houses. Two or three cents pay for a worshipper.

OFFICERS (volunteer or regular) or their next of kin, if dead, in the U. S. A. or U. S. M. C., between May 1, 1864 and March 1, 1865, will be greatly benefitted by immediately communicating with R. S. LEAGUE & Co., 125 S. Seventh st., Phila. sep4-ly

NEW WAY OF MAKING BREAD.—A method has been discovered of making bread without grinding the corn. It is said that, whereas in the process of making bread from flour there is much waste, so that 100 lbs. of grain yield only 112 lbs. of bread, according to the new process 100 lbs. of grain will produce 145 lbs. or 150 lbs. of bread. The new bread is not only increased in quantity, but is also said to be of better quality. According to the old process much of the gluten was decomposed and lost in the heat of grinding. It is preserved when grinding is unnecessary; and the new mode of fermentation contributes greatly to the whiteness of the bread.

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Dr. Tobias' Celebrated Venetian Liniment, whose wonderful cures, sure and instantaneous action, in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Croup, Cuts, Burns, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., have astonished the civilized world, is no new catch-penny; but an article that has stood the test of twenty two years. The enormous sale and rapidly increasing demand is at once the surest evidence of its usefulness and popularity. No family should be without a bottle in the house. Hundreds of dollars and many hours of suffering may be saved by its timely use.

Colic, Cramp, and Dysentery yield at once to its pain-curative properties. It is perfectly innocent, and can be given to the oldest person or youngest child. No matter if you have no confidence in patent medicines—try this, and you will be sure to buy again, and recommend to your friends. Hundreds of physicians recommend it in their practice.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers. Price, 50 cts. and $1. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. oct2-5t

☞ One of the Episcopal mission chapels in New York has a communion service of solid gold.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d of Aug., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. EDGAR to Miss ELLEN A. ENLITH.

On the 14th of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN A. BISWANGER to Miss SARAH L. GREEN, daughter of Capt. M. L. Green, both of this city.

On the 28th of Sept., by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., JOHN M. WALLACE to Miss MARY A. CAUTHERS.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Patterson, Mr. CHARLES H. SAVIDGE to Miss ANNE E. MAHARG, daughter of Geo Maharg, Esq., both of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr JOHN C. WATSON to Miss LOUISE R. HUDSON, both of Mantua, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Nathan B. Durell, Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS to Miss ELLA BULLOCK, both of Frankford.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH M. SWARTZ, in her 45th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. WILLIAM H. LEWIS, aged 57 years.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH LEHMANN, in her 88th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. UNITY GILLESPIE, aged 80 years.

On the 3d instant, ROBERT BARNES, in his 79th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM F. COLBERT, in his 64th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN D. HARDY, in his 51st year.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES FISHER, aged 60 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY A. JOHNSON, aged 47 years.

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HENRY WARD

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LORD BYRON'S THREE POEMS TO AUGUSTA.

[We have thought it would be of interest to our readers at this time, to see Lord Byron's celebrated poems to his sister Augusta (Mrs. Leigh.) We give them with the notes attached, as we find them in our 1854 edition of Byron's Works. As to the poems themselves, they seem to us simply what many a brother would write, if he had the ability, to a beloved sister.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.[*]

I.

When all grew drear and dark,
And reason half withheld her ray—
And hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;

II.

In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;

III.

When fortune changed—and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

IV.

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
Forever shining sweetly nigh.

V.

And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—
Then purer spread its gentle flame,
And dash'd the darkness all away.

VI.

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

VII.

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.

VIII.

The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

IX.

But thou and thine shall know no blight,
Whatever fate on me may fall;
For Heaven in sunshine will requite
The kind—and thee the most of all.

X.

Then let the ties of baffled love
Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

XI.

And these, when all was lost beside,
Were found and still are fix'd in thee;
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—even to me.

---

[*] [His sister the Honorable Mrs. Leigh. These stanzas—the parting tribute to her, whose unshaken tenderness had been the author's sole consolation during the crisis of domestic misery—were, we believe, the last verses written by Lord Byron in England. In a note to Mr. Rogers, dated April 16th, he says—"My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow; we shall not meet again for some time at all events—*if ever!* and, under these circumstances, I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan, for being unable to wait upon him this evening." On the 25th, the poet took a last leave of his native country.]

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.[*]

I.

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,[†]
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

II.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believe in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

III.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.[‡]

IV.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.[‖]

V.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun;
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

VI.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24, 1816.

---

[*] [These beautiful verses, so expressive of the writer's wounded feelings at the moment, were written in July, at the Campagne Diodati, near Geneva, and transmitted to England for publication, with some other pieces. "Be careful," he says, "in printing the stanzas beginning, 'Though the day of my destiny's,' &c., which I think well of as a composition."]

[†] [In the original MS.—

"Though the days of my glory are over,
And the sun of my fame hath declined."]

[‡] [Originally thus:—

"There is many a pang to pursue me,
And many a peril to stem;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me,
They may crush, but they shall not contemn."]

[‖] [MS.—"Though watchful, 'twas but to reclaim me,
Nor silent to sanction a lie."]

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.[*]

I.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

II.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's[†] fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

III.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

IV.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

V.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience; not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

VI.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air
(For even to this may change of soul refer,
And with light armour we may learn to bear,)
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

VII.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

VIII.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire:
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

IX.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude which I have vaunted so
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

X.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,[*]
By the old hall which may be mine no more.
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
Sad havoc time must with my memory make,
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd forever, or divided far.

XI.

The world is all before me; I but ask
Of Nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

XII.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
And that I would not;—for at length I see
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,
The earliest—even the only paths for me—
Had I but sooner learn'd the crowd to shun,
I had been better than I now can be;
The passions which have torn me would have slept;
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

XIII.

With false Ambition what had I to do?
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue:
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

XIV.

And for the future, this world's future may
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day;
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share
Of life which might have fill'd a century,
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

XV.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings farther,—nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship nature with a thought profound.

XVI.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline,
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

---

[*] [These stanzas—"Than which," says the Quarterly Review, for January, 1831, "there is nothing perhaps more mournfully and desolately beautiful in the whole range of Lord Byron's poetry"—were also written at Diodati, and sent home at the time for publication, in case Mrs. Leigh should sanction it. "There is," he says, "amongst the manuscripts an epistle to my sister, on which I should wish her opinion to be consulted before publication; if she objects, of course omit it." On the fifth of October he writes,—"My sister has decided on the omission of the lines. Upon this point her option will be followed. As I have no copy of them, I request that you will preserve one for me in MS.; for I never can remember a line of that nor any other composition of mine. God help me! if I proceed in this scribbling, I shall have frittered away my mind before I am thirty; but poetry is at times a real relief to me. To-morrow I am for Italy." The epistle was first given to the world in 1830.]

[†] [Admiral Byron was remarkable for never making a voyage without a tempest. He was known to the sailors by the facetious name of "Foul-weather Jack."

"But, though it were tempest-toss'd
Still his bark could not be lost."

He returned safely from the wreck of the Wager (in Anson's voyage,) and subsequently circumnavigated the world, many years after, as commander of a similar expedition.]

[*] [The lake of Newstead Abbey. Thus described in Don Juan:—

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad, as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer waters spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood."]

◆

American Homes.

The homes of America, says Timothy Titcomb, will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than anything else. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or book for the eager hands of childhood.

Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meagre, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from such a stall, glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life will be none at all, or nothing good.

Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell or home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres to such children have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's presence obliterates associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you strive to build up and for yourselves and for your children a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home which will be to those whose lives have been associated with it the most interesting, precious spot on earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial friendship and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influences flow into neighborhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root and receiving generous culture. And then I would see you, young husbands and young wives, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances, but those of utter poverty, can justify you in denying these influences to your children.

Eyes Open.

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry-goods merchant on Market street, as she dusted her mantel of porcelain and marble on Monday morning, "that he who wanted to be good must be on the constant look-out for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted and prepared to our hands; but He spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the apostles did, with eyes open, looking for the sick and suffering, the poor and oppressed."

"Now I am certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantel, "I should like to do some good every day—one feels so much better when they go to rest at night; and I'll just keep my eyes open to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that under ordinary circumstances I should let slip."

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes.

"I wish, Mrs. Simms," said she, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday; we are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman. "I've got behindhand a good deal since Sammy got the whooping cough; but now he is better I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping cough? Poor little fellow. How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am."

"And Tom is four," mused the lady. "Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green-worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter, but they're almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach!" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting into her dim eyes, "I haven't any words to thank you, or tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they will keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself, as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to day."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way to market (for she was a notable housekeeper), when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced boy, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had become interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial but hasty "How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not bear its usual happy expression. She paused as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and she asked, "is anything the matter with you, Joseph?"

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-confiding expression into the lady's face; the latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair; "so I've lost my place, and little Mary's sick; and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted; but never mind, Joseph; I remember, only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store, and he will give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's white face brightened. "O! I should be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach."

"And see here, Joseph, I'm going to market, and perhaps I can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a very proud woman, and felt that this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicate pears and grapes, and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, who, as she learned, was ill with a fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay wearily moaning on her bed, while her mother sat busily stitching in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying, "Good news! good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

O! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every-day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night—warm with the good deeds of the day, and remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book and ran down stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of his wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary, I don't believe I'm anywise injured, but you may help me, just for the pleasure of it;" and he stood still, while she removed the heavy coat, with all the softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then the husband drew her to his heart with all the old lover tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Mary, my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music set to the words, "Eyes open! eyes open!"

☞ When Dr. Woods, of Andover—then plain Mr.—was ordained at Newbury, he read an unusually long Confession of Faith, whereat Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Medford, exclaimed, "Ah! you believe ten times as much now as you will when you are as old as I am." Dr. O was then 51, and Mr. W. 24.

Pepin and the Wild Beasts.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Savages, or people who are half-savage, look upon strength of body and physical courage as marks of the noblest man; and with them a triumph over an enemy by a strong hand, is a sure sign of sovereignty. A man thus distinguished is as a king among his fellows.

In the early annals of French history, when the claimants to the crown were many, there was a man named Pepin, short of stature, but of great courage; and he, occupying a prominent position, was resolved on having the throne. He convinced the people he was fit to be their king in a very curious manner.

"Who ought to be king? He who bears sway, or he who has but the name of power?" was Pepin's haughty message of inquiry, sent to the Pope at Rome. "He who has the power," was the Pontiff's very natural reply. And so the lawful king, Chilperic, was deprived of his flowing locks, the emblem of kingly dignity, and sent to doze away the remainder of his useless life within a convent's walls; while energetic Pepin placed the sluggard's crown upon his own brow; and within a few years his powerful successor had extended his dominions from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea.

An anecdote related of Pepin gives a good idea of the kind of influence he exercised over his rude and warlike courtiers. It was a gala day; and the assembled company had crowded into a theatre, where the actors played their parts in terrible earnest, and where combats were waged to the death. The wild beasts fought in the arena.

A black Spanish-bull, of gigantic size and strength, had been matched with an African lion. The fight was at its hottest, when suddenly the voices that had been shouting approval were hushed, and every eye turned inquiringly towards Pepin's chair of state; for the king had risen, and was pointing down into the arena.

Presently his voice rung out like a clarion, and there was a sound of mockery in his tone: "Which of you, my lords," he said, "will descend into the field, and separate these two doughty warriors?"

There was a dead silence. The tone in which Pepin showed that no thought of jesting passed through his mind; but the combat raged more hotly than ever, and not a man would trust to the mercies of those furious beasts.

Then the king drew his sword, and went down himself into the arena, while every heart stood still with suspense, and every eye was strained with horrified interest. One deep thrust of the king's sword just where the bull's head joined the spine, and the monster lay low; one sure thrust at the glaring eye of the crouching lion, as he prepared to spring, and the second of those savage champions was overthrown. Then Pepin returned to his seat amid the applause of a thousand admiring warriors. He had earned his right to be their king; for he had proved pre-eminence in the one quality they valued above every other virtue. Pepin had proved himself the hardiest and strongest man among a race who looked upon all things as nothing, in comparison to hardihood and strength.

They were rude times in which this incident occurred. Customs have changed since then, and civilization has softened the manners of men. But the principle remains unaltered. Men still shout for admiration at a gallant deed—the weak still follow the strong. The eager admiration with which gallant deeds are always recorded, show that human nature has not greatly changed since the days of Pepin.

Age of Man.

What may be considered the normal age of man—the age to which the human mechanism might endure but for disease, accident, or other collateral interference? Threescore years and ten is the scriptural answer, we all know; but without irreverence we may easily assume that the scriptural statement contemplated the probability of disease, of accident, or of one or another amongst the extraneous causes in that by far the majority of cases terminates human life; not allowing euthanasia, or death from actual wearing out of the animal mechanism, to supervene. The physiologist, Blumenbach, came to the conclusion that there is no period which can be said to be entitled by its frequency and marked regularity to be considered the natural term of advanced old age. Trying to determine this point, he consulted all the bills of mortality he could gain access to, and the conclusion he was able to arrive at was, that in Europe, no inconsiderable number of individuals reached their eighty-fifth year, but few got beyond it; and that from one or other cause, only one in every seventy-eight human beings can with any truth be said to die in the condition of euthanasia. Blumenbach, it is worthy of remark, died in the beginning of 1840, aged eighty-eight, having retained his faculties to the last. He continued to lecture up to a few days before his death, and with the spirit and humor that had always been his wont.

Hufeland was of opinion that, were it not for disease or accident, or other extraneous cause, the natural term of man's life, ending in euthanasia, might be fixed at about two hundred years. He considered the assertion strenghtened by its agreement with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life. An animal, according to Hufeland, lives eight times as long as it grows; and the growth of man can be hardly looked upon as complete until twenty-five years of age.

A FARMER, who wished to invest the accumulation of his industry in the United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to obtain treasury-notes. The clerk inquired:—

"What denomination will you have them in, sir?"

Having never heard that word used excepting to distinguish religious sects, the farmer, after a little deliberation, replied:

"Well, you may give me part in Old-School Presbyterian, to please the old lady, but give me the heft on't in Free-Will Baptist."

☞ The editor of the Hot Springs (Ark.) Courier says that he has his pride flattered once a year, when the assessor comes around and asks how much money he has at interest, how much stock in government bonds or in bank, and various other questions that are supposed to be only for "solid men." If there is anybody around, he straightens up slightly, expands his corporosity, and in as heavy a chest tone as he can command, answers, "About the same as last year." The assessor knows well enough what it is. So does he.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

There was a long pause. Thomas Kage, strangely silent, stood looking from the window again, his back to the room. She, Mrs. Canterbury, stole up to see what he might be gazing at; surely at something particular, with that intent stare! But no. The beautiful slopes with the groups of autumn flowers lay beneath; the park beyond, with its fine trees and its herds of deer; the charming scenery went stretching around in the distance. But this was no unusual sight; and of men and women there were none.

"What are you looking at, Thomas?"

The question aroused him. His eyes and his thoughts came back to present things with a start.

"Looking at? Oh, nothing. Nothing in particular."

"I wish you'd open the window. This disturbance has made me quite hot."

He flung up the wide sash of plate-glass. And some one walking along the broad path close underneath, that ran along the front of the house—some one who had just come into view from the house—turned upon them a steady gaze as they stood there side by side. It was Olive Canterbury.

"Where can she have been lingering?" exclaimed Mrs. Canterbury; and the words must undoubtedly have reached Olive, for the resentful haughty tone was by no means a subdued one. "Surreptitiously cross-questioning Neel, perhaps, as to our sayings and doings."

Any one less likely than Olive Canterbury to cross-question "surreptitiously" could not well have been found. Thomas Kage made no reply whatever; he seemed to have relapsed into thought again. The sweet perfume of the gay-looking autumnal flowers came wafting in; and Miss Canterbury, with her stately sweeping walk, passed on to the small side-park entrance, and so out of sight.

"Did you ever witness such a scene, Thomas? Quite vulgar, as mamma expressed it."

Thomas Kage, lost in a reverie, made no reply, although he must have heard her.

"This has given you a specimen of what those Canterbury women can be. That is mamma's name for them—'Canterbury women.' After this, I should think they would be forbidden the house."

But still Thomas Kage did not answer. His hand, with the deep mourning-ring worn on it in memory of his mother, was lifted to push back his dark hair from his right temple; his dark eyes, fixed again unconsciously on the distant landscape, wore a dreamy expression. Mrs. Canterbury, feeling herself neglected, went to the hearth and began knocking the fire about with strange petulance.

"Caroline!"

The accent was so sharply imperative that she dropped the poker and turned to him.

"Did I understand clearly—that Mr. Canterbury's large fortune goes unconditionally to you?"

"No; not if you understood that. The greater portion goes to the child. I have my settlement and—"

"I was alluding to the contingency of the child's death," he quickly interrupted. "In that case it becomes yours?"

"In that case, yes."

"Caroline, take the advice of a friend—you know I am one. Do not allow the property to be so willed."

"But why?" she rejoined, resuming her place by his side. "If my baby should die, what more natural than that his money should revert to me? Not that he is going to die, or likely to die. He is a hearty little fellow."

"Let it not revert to you," repeated Mr. Kage. "Caroline, I am advising you as I would my own sister; as one for whose true welfare I have as much interest as it is possible for man to have. I say it to you emphatically: do not suffer things to be so arranged that this great wealth shall revert to you on the contingency of the child's death."

"Do you mean that none of it ought to revert to me?"

"Either none, or but a small portion. You will have a very large and ample income without it."

"I wish you would tell me why you say this. It sounds very unreasonable."

"For one thing, you may marry again—most probably would do so. And your second husband—"

"Whatever are you talking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Canterbury, breaking the pause he had come to abruptly. "You speak mysteriously, and are looking mysteriously, just as though your visions were far away, in the future or in the past."

Very true. His eyes wore their far-off dreamy gaze, his voice its most dreamy tone.

"I once saw a good deal of—" he hesitated for a moment—"of ill, arising out of a will of this kind. The property was not a tithe of what your child's will be. It was but a few poor hundreds a-year—some three or four—but the manner in which it was left was productive of much after distress."

"Are not such wills made every day?"

"They are. And I do not know why this one peculiar case should have thrust itself so forcibly on my remembrance. Nevertheless, take my advice—it is not possible that I can urge anything on you more emphatically than I would this. Do not let any vast sum accrue to you in the event of your boy's death. Your second husband"—his tone changed here to one of lightness—"might get to wish him out of the way."

"Don't you think you are rather premature in speaking of my second husband?" asked Mrs. Canterbury in sarcasm."

"Pardon me, Caroline, no; not in this case. We lawyers have to look forward to all kinds of possibilities," he continued with a smile. "Just as doctors probe wounds, we must probe feelings. I have not quite done with yours yet."

"Well? Go on."

"When Miss Canterbury was speaking here just now, it seemed to me that I must be listening to a fable. Is it true that any such measure can be in contemplation as the disinheriting of Mr. Canterbury's daughters?"

"They are to have five thousand pounds each, including Mrs. Dunn. And they came into five thousand each on the death of their mother. What are you staring at, Thomas?"

He was looking at her fixedly, wonderingly, almost reproachfully. The gaze said volumes, and the soft bloom on Mrs. Canterbury's cheeks grew a shade brighter; her violet-blue eyes seemed to take a darker tinge.

"Were such injustice to be committed, Caroline, the very stones of which the Rock is built might be expected to cry out. If Mr. Canterbury could make so shameful a will, I should say—pardon me—that he must be fit only for a lunatic asylum."

"You always had a very downright way of putting things before people, Thomas."

"Yes. My dear mother taught me to be earnestly sincere, even, when needs must be, at the expense of politeness. Oh, Caroline, indeed I have your true interest at heart. Be persuaded by me; be persuaded by the dictates of your own conscience; and tell Mr. Canterbury that this strangely-conceived and most ill-judged thing must not be carried out. Show him that his daughter's claims must be respected."

"I have not advised him either way," she peevishly said. "You heard me tell Olive so. I remain neuter."

"And what was Miss Canterbury's answer to you?—that you ought not to be neuter. The pretence of saying you are is the merest sophistry, Caroline."

"Thank you, sir. I hope you have learnt to be rude enough since we last met. I do *not* interfere in these affairs. Mamma gets talking to my husband about things. I don't."

"Very well. Then change your policy, and talk to him yourself. Tell him it is your wish that his daughters should be suitably provided for. Your mamma! Nonsense. Mrs. Kage's influence over Mr. Canterbury would fade to nothing beside yours; and I am sure you must know that. Why, Caroline, have you never reflected on what the effect would be were Mr. Canterbury to disinherit his daughters in the manner proposed? You could never hold up your head again in this neighborhood. Good men and women would despise you."

She made no reply. The mockery of her face had disappeared, to be replaced by a look of serious thought. Something or other in what he said had at length made an impression on her. Mr. Kage moved from the window.

"You are not going, Thomas? You said you would stay to luncheon."

"I must just call on the Miss Canterburys," he answered. "There is plenty of time for it before luncheon. Where do they live now?"

"Thornhedge Villa. You can't miss it. A white house that you catch glimpses of on the right through the trees, as you go down the road."

"Good-morning for the present then, Caroline."

He passed through the beautiful hall, crossed the terrace, and so on to the park. Caroline watched him, her heart softly beating, the flush on her fair face taking a brighter hue. Thornhedge Villa was not far; he might make his call and be back in half an hour; but even that half hour she grudged sorely. The appearance of Thomas Kage had shown her one thing plainly; shown it her in spite of her previous make-pretence to ignore the fact—that she loved him as deeply as ever. This short visit seemed like a sweet green island, amid a great desert of arid waste stretching backwards and forwards.

"We cannot help our feelings," thought Caroline by way of excuse for the disloyalty to her husband the admitted consciousness implied. "And what does it signify? So long as I bury it within me—and that will always be—nobody is either the wiser or the worse. But, oh, has not he grown crotchety? The notion of his advising me not to be named inheritor after my darling little Tom!"

When Mr. Kage reached Thornhedge Villa, Miss Canterbury had not returned. Jane had gone to the schools. Miss Millicent, the servant thought, was in the garden; most likely in the large arbor, he added; the young ladies sometimes took their work to it on a fine warm day. And Thomas Kage said he would go himself to seek for her.

Millicent was seated with her profile turned to the sunlight; not working, but reading, her face a little bent over the book. Thomas Kage was nearly close before she raised it; and he saw that she looked thinner and paler. Turning her head slowly to see who had approached, for one single moment she sat motionless, and then sprang up with a start, blushing a fierce crimson, like a dark June rose.

Ah me! And it told him no tale. No, not even when her hands trembled perceptibly, and her sweet eyes fell in a soft tremor, and the roses faded to a dead whiteness, and the face looked cold and faint as a lily. He put it all down to surprise, and was as innocent as one could be who had never loved. The emotion was a sealed book to Thomas Kage.

"Pardon me if I have surprised you too greatly, Miss Millicent Canterbury. Your servant said you were here, and I told him I would come to you."

"But how is it that you are at Chilling?" asked Millicent, scarcely knowing what she said in her mind's tumultuous confusion. "It is so very long since the last time."

"Ay. Some fifteen or sixteen months. I have been once or twice to Aberton since, but did not find time to get as far as Chilling."

They were walking now slowly towards the house through the shrubbery path. Millicent was beginning to recover her equanimity; at least, of manner.

"Have you been quite well since I saw you, Miss Millicent?"

"Why?" she asked; for the question was put in an anxious tone.

"Because you don't look as though you had."

"Oh, yes, I have been well," she answered rather eagerly. "Quite, thank you.—There's Jane."

Jane Canterbury was coming in at the gate; anxiety on her face, her step restless. In truth she had only gone to the schools that morning because she could not rest indoors. So sure as Mr. Canterbury disinherited them, so sure did Jane believe that her marriage with Austin Rufort would never come to pass.

"Has Olive not returned?" she asked of Millicent, when she had greeted Mr. Kage, whom she was surprised to see.

No, Olive had not come home. And Jane Canterbury, of a remarkably open nature, spoke a word upon the trouble that had fallen on them, asking Mr. Kage if he had heard the report. He replied that he had been present, accidentally, at the interview that morning at the Rock; and in another minute they were all speaking confidentially together.

"The marriage itself was felt by us as a great blow," observed Jane. "Chiefly, I think, for papa's sake; it was so very unsuitable. When we saw people with smiles on their faces, and heard whispers reflecting on him and it, nothing could, to us, have been more painful."

"It came upon you as a surprise, I believe," remarked Mr. Kage.

"A surprise indeed. At first we never believed the report. In truth we had fancied that—" Jane suddenly stopped, and blushed as she looked at him.

"Fancied what?" he innocently rejoined.

"That she was engaged to you, Mr. Kage?"

A red gleam, as of a streak of crimson across a gray sky, flashed into the cheeks of Thomas Kage, leaving them afterwards white as ashes. Jane, walking side by side with him, saw it not. Millicent saw everything.

"No, she was not engaged to me," he said in a quiet tone. "A poor man, as I am, cannot venture to hope for any such good fortune."

"At any rate, she liked you; I am sure of it," said Jane. "Of course I never said a word to any one; but the signs to me were very plain. To you also, I fancy, Mr. Kage."

He did not answer, only looked straight forward with his white face. Millicent felt at war with the whole world, and, most of all, with herself. How could she, in her blindness, have indulged that mistaken fable of the past, when others, not interested, had seen the truth?

"Well, those matters are done with, however it might have been, and she is my father's wife," continued Jane. "But that is no reason why we should be disinherited."

"Indeed it is not," he warmly answered.

He did not enter the house; time would not permit him, he said, but left a card for Miss Canterbury. However, while he was shaking hands, Olive came in. Very coldly indeed did she look upon Mr. Kage, saluting him with a distant bow.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Kage before this morning," spoke she in a haughty tone. "He made one of the party at the Rock."

"Among them, but not of them," returned Mr. Kage. "How I longed to take up the sticks for you, Miss Canterbury, I cannot describe. But it was not my business; and, besides, I might only have done your cause harm."

"Then you are not an ally of the enemy!" said Olive. "You were not at the Rock to aid them in their schemes?"

"I!" His luminous eyes, with all their honest depth of truth, shone full upon her. "Miss Canterbury, I possess, I believe, as innate a sense of justice as any man. I fully agreed with every word you spoke. And after your departure, when I was left alone with Mrs. Canterbury, I took upon myself to tender her some advice. Let us hope she will follow it."

Again Olive's heart went out to this young man as it once before had in the days gone by. It seemed in that moment that she could have trusted him with her life.

"Forgive me," she said, putting her hand into his, in her frank but grave manner. "I ought never to have doubted you, Mr. Kage. It was the seeing you at the Rock, and the manner in which they kept you in the room, that caused the idea to cross me."

"Never doubt me, Miss Canterbury," he said, earnestly, as he clasped it. "I am not capable of wearing two faces."

"Surely they will not attempt to carry out this wholesale robbery!"

"I should say most certainly not. Their self-humiliation would be too great."

"It is Mrs. Kage," whispered Olive.

"Yes. As primary mover."

They had walked with him to the gate. He wished them farewell, and set off at a fleet pace up the road. Olive and Jane went back talking; Millicent lingered yet, and watched his receding steps. Thomas Kage had spoken of humiliation. What humiliation could be like unto hers for having beguiled herself into love unsought? she mentally asked. For having fed and cherished the feeling through months and months, deceiving herself with the fond delusion that he cared for her, when all the while his whole heart and hopes had been given to another?

Even already some unpleasant fruits of the proposed scheme were coming home to its plotters; and during the short half-hour that intervened between Thomas Kage's exit and entrance a slight disturbance had occurred at the Rock.

The nurse to the little heir was a superior woman named Tring; very respectable, almost a lady. She had been a resident at Chilling for several years, and on the death of her husband, a land-surveyor in a small way, was forced to look out for some employment. She commenced a day-school, and undertook to do plain and fancy work. The Miss Canterburys had been very kind and friendly to her, and helped her a good deal, purchasing some of her pretty little drawings. However, she made but a precarious living; and when the place of nurse to the new heir (as the child was styled) at the Rock was, so to say, going begging, Mrs. Tring applied for it, and was chosen out of several applicants.

"Oh, how could you!" exclaimed Leta, when she heard of it.

"Better do that, Miss Millicent, than starve; and I am not sure but it would have come to that with me," was Mrs. Tring's answer. "I love infants. I seem to yearn for them ever since I lost my only little one; and I can do my entire duty by the child. As to my pride, I had to put that in my pocket long ago."

Now it seemed that Mrs. Kage, in her perfectly inexplicable antagonism to Mr. Canterbury's daughters, would not regard the nurse with any great degree of favor, simply because they *did*. Although she had become a servant in their father's household, the young ladies would not put aside their previous marks of respect, calling her "Mrs. Tring" to her face and showing her consideration. Mrs. Kage dashed open her scent-bottles when she heard them, and seemed as if she would faint.

Mrs. Canterbury, seeing Olive quit the Rock a little later than she might have done on the close of that morning's interview, had wondered, speaking with Thomas Kage, what had detained her. The fact was, that as Olive was crossing the hall to depart, she saw in a small parlor (the self-same room that the new footman had wished to invite her to on entering) Mrs. Tring and the baby. She went in and took the child in her arms, nursing it fondly. He was the innocent cause of a great deal of heartburning, this little child; but Olive's mind was too noble and just to resent it upon him, as some might have done.

"He is asleep, Mrs. Tring."

"Very nearly, ma'am. I was just about to take him up-stairs."

"I will take him myself," said Olive.

With soft steps lest she should awake the sleeping baby, Olive ascended the grand staircase, followed by Mrs. Tring. Over the beautiful day-cot of polished ebony, with its inlaid workings of silver (for young Mrs. Canterbury had provided things for her expected infant, not in accordance with the simplicity that is most suitable to infants, but with her husband's revenues,) Olive pressed some more soft kisses on the sleeping face.

"You sweet little fellow!" she murmured. "It is not your fault that they would put this wrong upon us."

"Oh, ma'am," spoke the nurse, in the moment's impulse, "surely what we hear cannot be true! So great a wrong never can be inflicted on deserving ladies!"

Olive laid the child down and covered him over. Perhaps she was a little surprised to find that the rumor was so extensive.

"How did you hear it, Mrs. Tring?" she inquired, quitting the cradle to face her.

"It was being talked of last night, ma'am, in the housekeeper's room. I went down there for something I wanted, and heard it. I have not slept all night, thinking of the cruel injustice," added Mrs. Tring, her face—a very delicate one—flushing crimson.

Very contrary to Miss Canterbury's usual lofty, though in a sense courteous, reticence to her inferiors, she continued the subject instead of passing it by—continued it for a minute or two. But she said not a word that she would have objected to say before Mrs. Canterbury or any other member of the family; and she spoke openly, her tone of voice free as ordinary. Mrs. Tring was not quite so calm; all her indignation and sorrow had been aroused, and she warmly expressed both.

"The snake in the grass is Mrs. Kage," she observed, "though I'm sure I ought to beg her pardon for saying it. As long as she stays here, ma'am, you and the young ladies will never have fair play; Mr. and Mrs. Canterbury would be quite different without her. I have not been in the house a month yet, but I cannot shut my eyes to things that are going on in it."

Olive made no reply to this, except that she must be going, and turned to the staircase. Mrs. Tring attended her down, and opened the hall-door.

Rather, perhaps, to the latter's surprise, upon re-entering the nursery, there stood Mrs. Kage. And Mrs. Kage's countenance was not pleasant to look upon. That amiable lady, ascending to her room close on the heels of Miss Canterbury, had put her ear to the nursery-door and heard the whole colloquy. Which was not very much in all, not a tithe of what Olive had just said publicly in the drawing-room; but it served to show Mrs. Kage what the nurse's sentiments were.

Tring verily thought she was going to be struck. Mrs. Kage was in the habit of being as contemptuous to her as might be, but she had never been violent. Her passion was something to shrink from. In fact, Tring's little compliments to herself—the expressed opinion given confidentially to Miss Canterbury as to the kind of mission the honorable lady fulfilled in the house—had set her all aflame. She could not get over the "snake in the grass."

There ensued a scene. The nurse received a summary dismissal, and Caroline was called in to confirm it. Mrs. Kage outrageously exaggerated the fault to her daughter, and the overheard words; she affirmed, with angry passion, that Tring was "in league with those Canterbury women to undermine the peace of the house, into which she had only come as their spy." Tring, not allowed to speak in her defence and the Miss Canterburys'—for Mrs. Kage condescended to push her with her own hands out of the room—was ordered to be away from the Rock within the space of an hour, or else she would be hunted from it. Mrs. Kage was not choice in her expressions that day.

"For pity's sake call my maid, Caroline dear, and let her get me some red lavender," exclaimed the exhausted dame, sinking on the first chair she came to in her own room. But Caroline, who was not altogether unused to similar scenes on her mother's part, and thought little of them, neither called for the maid nor rang, but stood still with a blank countenance.

"It is all very well for you to dismiss Tring in this short way, mamma, but what is to become of my baby? Who will nurse him?"

A pertinent question. Of all exacting things, a baby must be attended to; and, to say the truth, many a nurse knows this, and tyrannizes over households accordingly. Mrs. Kage, with wild eyes, and inflamed face, and a phial of red lavender in her hand, *vowed* (to put it politely) that "Tring the Jesuit" should not eat another meal nor sleep another night in the house; and Caroline felt helpless.

In the emergency, when the state of the case became known, one of the household servants came forward asking to be allowed to supply the deficiency—Judith, the second housemaid. She was a sensible, willing young woman; had lived at the Rock for several years, and been much liked by Olive and her sisters. But Mrs. Canterbury felt dubious as she listened to the request; a common housemaid (it was how she phrased it) could scarcely be fit for the post of nurse.

"You cannot know anything about the management of children, Judith."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I know a great deal," was Judith's answer. "When I first went out to service, it was as nurse. I lived three years in the situation, and Miss Canterbury had a very good character with me. When your little baby was born, ma'am, I thought how much I should like to become his nurse; but before I could pick up the courage to speak, Mrs. Tring got the place."

"You can't write, you know, Judith," said Mrs. Canterbury, much perplexed.

"Well no, ma'am. But I don't see that a nurse need know how to write."

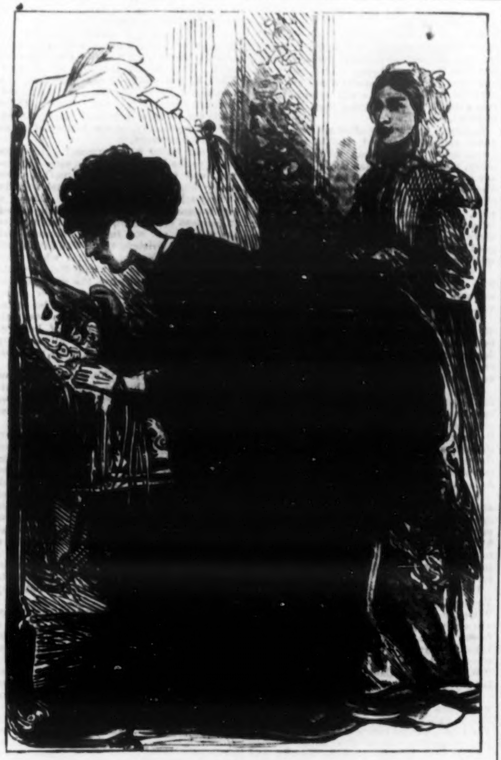
Mrs. Canterbury, ransacking her brains, could not altogether see it either. Judith's ignorance in regard to what she called "book-learning" was a proverb in the family. It told against her. When she first came to the Rock she could not read; the Miss Canterbury's, upon discovering this, had caused her to be taught. But, though an excellent and capable servant in regard to hand labor, Judith Collett proved very remarkably deficient in brain work; even now she could not *read* through a chapter in the Bible, but had to *spell* through it. As to writing, when something was said about her learning that, Judith flatly refused. Reading was bad enough, she said: writing might fairly puzzle her senses away.

I hope the reader will not deem these small details unnecessary or puerile. They have to be told. All with a purpose; as will be found later in the story.

"Well, I think I will try you, Judith," decided Mrs. Canterbury. "At any rate, while we look out for another."

And thus Judith Collett, the second housemaid, was installed in the higher and far more important post of nurse at the Rock. Could Mrs. Kage have foreseen how strong a link that was destined to prove in a future and fatal chain, she had surely buried Tring's offence in silence, and never dismissed her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT THAT THEY WOULD PUT THIS WRONG UPON US."

☞ A grandson of Thomas Jefferson has felt impelled to communicate to the public some fresh information relative to his illustrious grandsire. Mr. Jefferson was a liberal contributor to churches of all denominations, and was a regular attendant of the Episcopal Church. He was opposed to pew-rents, thinking that as "money made no choice of seats in heaven it ought not in church." After fifty years' office he died poor, leaving his family destitute, but with no debts unpaid, and his memory is unstained by failure to meet any engagement, pecuniary or otherwise.

☞ "When men break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouting out immediately and growing in its place."

Ready for What?

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

[We wish that every young lady who reads THE POST, would read the following article at least twice—not hastily and skimmingly, but carefully and earnestly. It contains just that advice which the great majority of American girls greatly need.—*Editor of the Post.*]

A young lady in her school career said, "One year more here, and I graduate; another year at a seminary in the city to finish; next, I will read and travel a year, and then I shall be ready."

"Ready for what?" said my friend whom she was addressing. The young miss looked puzzled a moment, and then replied, blushingly, "To get married, I suppose."

In a recent number of The Herald of Health, we have gone over with some of the sins and sicknesses incident to the school-life of our young ladies. Now we will consider "What next?" They are ready for what? It may be to get married, it may be not. As we do not propose to treat young ladies like charming vases placed in shop windows ready to be selected and set in private homes; therefore, the question ready for what? is to us of earnest practical import. Many beautiful girls are earnest souls, who, when the freshness of freedom from school routine is over and the first charm of the coming out is past, look around longingly for something to live for beyond the diversions of the passing days. Some rush into gayeties for which they have no relish, or worse, into wedded life, which they did not really want, merely because there is in them a fund of life-force which longs to be expended, or because they want a new sensation.

The question of work and wages for women, is not the one under consideration. Though it is a part of our daily thought to meet this great want. But the question to which our pen now points is, What shall a genteel young lady do, after her graduation, to save body and soul? for both will go to ruin if not usefully employed. A house with a good tenant lasts longer than one empty.

Yes, we must all work out our own salvation, by working for the world, even if our friends have funds enough to feed and clothe us. By this, we do not mean that growing girls or graduated girls, should be burdened with business heavy for heart or hand. They should have time to bud and blossom; bask in the sunshine, develope and enjoy their beauties, or like colts and lambs, frisk with the mere delight of existence.

Many girls are hopelessly broken by work of body and brain too heavy for them, before they are sufficiently consolidated to endure well. Sometimes a keen sense of religious responsibility goads them on to undertake more than they can bear. The growing Christian sense of ripening girlhood needs to be held back, rather than to be hurried forward into work hard for either muscle or mind.

But what shall you do where spiritual life or physical needs have not yet put you in pressure of any sort, and who stand, diploma in hand, ready for what?

First, if any of you have pressed your mental powers so hard in order to graduate with honor, that the muscular system has lost its tone, then bring it up by due attention as you would any back lesson, the basis of one in advance. Don't let this feebleness settle into a chronic weariness, so that general debility shall be your general for the rest of your life. Remember that the lassitude which often ensues after a long course of study, is because the forces of the system have been exhausted through the brain, and that the muscles are weak not only from disease, but because the electrical fire or the nerve fluid has been so expended, that there is too little left to infuse muscular vigor. So, first, vegetate. Take bodily exercise and let the brain rest. If you are so fortunate as to have a sensible mother, who lives in a simple way in a quiet house, she can help you into a practical knowledge of housekeeping, and up to good health at the same time.

Have you cold feet, pressure of blood to the head, loss of appetite, constipation? Domestic work, cheerfully done, is an excellent remedy for all these. Remember, cheerfully done. A bad spirit spoils any remedial means. You don't like it? Very probably, but you can come to like it. To find the crown that lies beneath every cross, it must be shouldered and carried cheerfully, not shirked half the time, dragged the other half.

Return to the mother who has been so tenderly longing for you, not to be a pretty parlor ornament merely, or worse, a genteel invalid, but to share the duties which often rest too heavily on the maternal head of the household. Yes, not only share them, but soon be able to shoulder them all, and thus add length and strength to the days of one who has done so much for you. Grown-up daughters come on just when the mother most needs help. As she nears her first half century she should have a season of leisure for rest and retrospect, and then she will recuperate and be ready for active service for years to come, with less of beauty and more of wisdom than characterized her earlier days. Every farmer recognizes this principle in reference to his favorite family horse, and so turns out the noble animal into a good pasture for a whole summer, saying, "It will pay in the end."

Human nature and horse nature are not unlike in this, and many do not live out half their days for want of this year of jubilee like that appointed for the Jews.

Gentle, patient, devoted women for lack of this release go beyond the rallying point, and so die early or live in invalidism. Mothers are over-indulgent, and daughters are more thoughtless than heartless, and both are debilitated—one by overwork, the other for lack of it. As to home duties, let every young lady honor the estate in which God has placed her. Jesus went from the temple at Jerusalem to Nazareth, and was subject to His parents, or, as we suppose, helped Joseph, he being a carpenter. So when you leave your temple of knowledge and go to your home, be subject to your mother, ready to help her, and as soon as possible give her rest from her labors for a time. If she keeps house and does her own work, you should soon be able to assume all her duties. If she has a great house, many servants, and a large social circle, then her position is still more trying, and she is in greater need of release. Perhaps there is an invalid in the family, or wild girls, or wayward boys, or a backward scholar, who need bringing up for day and Sunday-school, who tax your tired mother. If so, assume one after another of these responsibilities as fast as you are able, and she will breathe easier and sleep sounder.

She has turned her own life-current always for your comfort, and now she cannot ask you to sacrifice yourself for her, so you must do it without being asked, and when you have cheerfully assumed one after another of her duties, she will rejoice in the rest a daughter gives more than from any other source.

Surely, a young lady after a three or four years course at school, should not come home more useless than when she went away, more helpless than those of her own age who have not enjoyed these advantages. She should have patience enough to manage children, character enough to control hired girls. If she can't find a good domestic she must make one out of raw material, for there is plenty of that everywhere. Every good mistress is able to control her own spirit and another's too.

I speak thus plainly, because I find those who seem to have lost all their health and common sense at school, if they ever had any.

But why do I make so much of knowledge of domestic economy? Because it is the best basis for good business ability in any department. Physical strength, patient energy in duties disagreeable are thus developed.

When I talk to you about housekeeping, don't dream that I expect you will soon all have a house of your own to keep, or that you will always keep house for your mother. But I speak of it as your teacher did of mathematics and Latin, a good foundation for the future, and also an occupation or an accomplishment to which you can turn when necessary.

So much for the hands of young graduates—now for the heads, which have been doing their best with the best of help these many years. Is your course of study finished? Are you to make no further attainments in science and literature, and only to be busy forgetting what you have learned?

I once lived in a neighborhood of Dutch Yankees, who made free use of the word "busy." When riding past the house of one of them, seeing a boy near the door, my friend asked, "Is your father within?" "Yes," answered the lad. "Ask him to come out." "He can't," was the answer. "Why not?" "'Cause," said the boy, "he is busy a dying." This is a fact.

So often girls emancipated from domestic work, are "busy a dying." Their bad, bodily habits invite debility and disease. Their bad, mental habits make them dreamy and forgetful. How few, after leaving school, read to any purpose beyond the amusement of the hour, or seeing how the story turns out, which practice is ruinous to memory. Well, what shall you read? First, read with the purpose of being intelligent in some one direction. Out of the range of history and literature, select what you like best, if you can. If not, what opportunity offers.

Now that books are so plenty on Botany, Chemistry, Geology, Conchology, Astronomy, etc., there surely ought to be something between the heavens above and the earth beneath, which could interest a well-educated young lady, so that she need not be driven for mental diversion to the wild fancies of story writers, who depend for their inspiration on the excitement of late hours and the inspiration of tea, coffee, tobacco, brandy, and opium.

When riding on the broadest lakes, the grandest rivers, amid scenery the finest that earth affords, you see some young ladies more interested in some new romance of unreal life, than in all the wonders and beauties about them. Such travel seems to us a sad waste of time.

A friend of ours came from California around the Cape, for the benefit of her health—a six months' voyage. During the first few days after leaving San Francisco, there were many expressions of pleasure on the part of the ladies, at the prospect of the long voyage. The captain said, on hearing them, "Yes, the ladies will dress up and keep bright and on deck for a few days, and then they will grow gloomy and say it is dull and stupid, and take to their berths and read novels for the rest of the way, and we shall have none of their company."

My friend, though a delicate invalid, determined that the prophesy should not hold true in her case. So she spent a large share of her time on deck, talking with the captain as she had opportunity. He finding in her an intelligent listener, took evident pleasure in instructing her in the art of navigation, saying it was new to find a lady who knew any thing about the way of a ship at sea.

Before they reached New York the captain was sick, and she, with the mate, made the bearings and kept the records. You ask, perhaps, if she became a sailor on the high seas. No, she went to her Western home, and married the man who had been so patiently waiting for her to get well. Then you say, "What good did all this do her?" First, the voyage was more interesting to her, and hence did her more good. A journey enjoyed, benefits health unspeakably more than one merely endured. Besides this, the intelligence gathered will always be a source of pleasure to her and to her many friends. Surely when three-fourths of the earth is ocean and we are brought over the great waters to our desired haven, is it not of some interest to know how it is done?

Not only sea-captains, but men everywhere, from coal-diggers to Congressmen, are ready to instruct young ladies in reference to their craft, if they lead off quietly with a few inquiries and then give appreciative attention to the replies. A good listener is the best of company, especially if the listener is a bright young lady. Our girls could glean a great amount of science and sense from fathers and brothers, by cultivating an acquaintance with their occupation whatever it may be.

There is no handicraft which meets any human need, but it is good to know about. Of course, no one can learn every thing, so we can only glean from what is within our reach, and not grasp in vain for what is beyond it. But you say, What is the use of all this, when the chief occupation of women is housekeeping. First, there is strength and comfort in the knowing. Second, "a stone fitted for the wall will not long lie in the road." A Spanish proverb and a true one. Among many young ladies who have come in my way wanting work, I do not remember one for whom I could not find a good place and good pay, if there were anything she could do well.

But to our point. Is your father a lawyer? If so, let him select reading for you from his own library. Surely, if you have studied the higher mathematics, you ought to be sharp enough to learn something of the laws of state and nation, with such a teacher as a loving father.

A few days since, I listened with great interest to the examination of a class of young ladies, who had been studying Civil Government. They talked intelligently of state rights, of the power of the President, the Senate and House, the Wilmot Proviso, the Missouri Compromise, etc. Surely, these points are of more practical interest than heathen mythology, or the history of those nations long extinct.

Is your father a clergyman? Then you can have the best of helps in sacred literature, and in turn help him in his work among his people, in prayer-meeting, in Sunday-school, and in his study. I know a very interesting young lady, the daughter of an eminent clergyman, who for a few years has written all her father's sermons, and they are well written, too. The father had in early life a nervous disease which prevents his writing, so he would dictate while the wife wrote, and when the wife became ill, the grown-up daughter took her place. Though her school course is much less complete than she desired, in real mental culture she is in advance of most of her age. Of course, having written critically so many years, she is a good judge of books, sermons, lectures, etc.

If your father is a physician, then know something of the human frame, its infirmities, and the modes of relief. At least have a general idea of his remedies and for what they are used.

I once asked a young lady, who was suffering severely from inflammation of the eyes, what had been done for them. "Well," she said, "I have tried almost everything, even to horse liniment." "How is that?" I asked. "Why, I sent to our family physician for something to put on my eyes, and as the doctor was not in, his wife sent me what she supposed to be eye-water, but which I found afterward was liniment just made up for a neighbor's horse."

Drugs are so numerous in their compounds, that it takes more than the five senses to divine all, but one should know what they don't know.

Do not fancy that I want to make doctors, lawyers, or divines of you all in a hurry. No, rejoice in your graduation, be glad in your girlhood, enjoy the springtime. I only wish to prompt you to sow the seed of Christian sense, common sense, and science, so that when the dewy freshness of your spring flowers have faded, that your life may not be lacking any green thing, but rather growing a richer harvest, less beautiful, but more enduring.—*The Herald of Health.*

The Recent Freshets.

The freshets of October 3d and 4th have been more disastrous than any that have occurred for the last twenty years. The usual autumnal storms commenced about September 23d and 24th, in the Northwest, where the deluging rains caused a heavy rise on the Mississippi and in the Minnesota rivers, causing great destruction of property. The effects of this first storm were slightly felt here, and the rain that fell on September 26th caused a rise of only four feet in the Schuylkill. The unusual flood of last Monday, however, is to be attributed to the remarkably high tide that occurred at the same time with a tremendous downfall of rain. The action of the Sun and Moon when in conjunction, near the time of the equinoxes, produces a powerful effect upon the ocean, and the tides rushing up the numerous inlets along the coast back up the descending waters from the numerous rivers and streams. Even when there has been no rain, these fall tides are very destructive; but when, as at the present time, a long storm accompanies them, they produce great devastation. The reports of the destruction are slowly coming in, and from every quarter the intelligence of the heavy losses suffered is very depressing. From Maine all along the coast to Richmond, and extending for two hundred miles into the interior, the damages from the freshets and the floods have been great, and the losses cannot yet be calculated. There is, however, one cheering item in the reports of general disaster, and that is, the loss of human life has not been large.

☞ BABYHOOD.—We are profoundly convinced that the first year of a child's life is the most tremendously important of any succeeding twelvemonth, though the creature shall number threescore and ten. Consider the blank sheet of paper with which the head of every baby, according to the philosopher, is lined. Think of it and shudder when you see nurses and nurse-maids writing with pot-hooks and hangers upon it, as though they wrote with rolling-pins, or at the best, wooden skewers! Poor human papyrus! How many after-scratchings and cuttle-fish rubbings it shall take to rub out the marks—that after all, may never wholly be effaced, but remain dingy and dark under the snow-white hairs.—*Jerrold.*

☞ A new musical wonder, invented by an Italian, and exhibited at the Paris Exposition, has been attracting some attention in this city. This instrument differs from the ordinary piano only in the addition of two little hammers, which, after striking a key, continue to oscillate until the key is raised, thus producing a "tremoto" upon the note of singular effect and beauty. These auxiliary hammers are set in motion by a spring which is wound up before playing. Only one instrument has yet been brought to America.

☞ Babies are described as coupons attached to the bond of matrimony.

☞ Railroad men are looking with astonishment at a trunk marked "Ilworth, Kansas."

☞ To cure corns: Hold your feet near the fire until the corns pop. This is said to be a sure cure.

☞ In September, 1864, the price of gold ranged from 185 to 254½.

☞ A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

The size of my neck! That's remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range;
A neck-tie, a collar, sore throat, a halter,
And others, enough to make a man falter.
Let this tender reply anxiety check—
The length of your arm will just go round my neck!

☞ Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says that the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so because it is marked on the map.

☞ Party (who has brought back the music-stool in disgust) "Looke' 'ere, Mister Auctioneer, this plaguy thing ain't no manner of use at all; I've twisted un round, and old woman 'ave twisted un round, but sorra a bit of toon we can get out of un!"

The Byron Scandal.

Many remarkable things have grown out of the Byron scandal, published by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Not the least notable among them are two letters written by the venerable William Howitt. Some two or three years ago, Mr. Howitt published a novel, entitled "Woodburn Grange," which of all dull, dreary, heavy books, took the pre-eminence. It was kindly said, in view of Mr. Howitt's earlier and agreeable writings, this the work showed that the hand of age lay heavy upon him; and it was charitably admitted to be a passable performance for such an aged author. But these letters on the Byron matter betray no marks of senility. They are fresh and fiery, and withal show that there is an utter absence of proof of the crime alleged against Lord Byron. The conclusion which is most rational is, that Lady Byron, as the victim of a hallucination, believed what she communicated to Mrs. Stowe. But Howitt does not spare her. His denunciations of her cruelty to her husband's memory are almost terrible.

But Byron's is not the only reputation at stake. The memory of Mrs. Leigh, his half sister, is aspersed, and we are not surprised that one who knew her well and who still survives, declares that "her astonishment at the present accusation is unbounded." She never until now had heard a hint of this unnatural charge, and certainly it is of a kind not to be forgotten if once heard. Lord Wentworth, the grandson of Byron, writes to the Pall Mall Gazette, that a manuscript found among Lady Byron's papers, and in her own handwriting, giving an account of some circumstances connected with her marriage, "does not contain any accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told to her." Furthermore, Lord W. adds, "Mrs. Stowe's story is inconsistent with what I have seen in various letters, &c., of Lady Byron's."

Lord Lindsay has written a second letter on this matter, the best point in which is that, many years ago, Lord Lindsay studied Byron's life with great care. "But," he says, "even in the vilest contemporary publications, issued to meet the craving demand for scandal connected with Byron, I do not remember this charge." As we have already remarked, such a horrid thing could not possibly be forgotten. "If slander," says Lord Lindsay, "ever touched Mrs. Leigh for a moment, it fell off innocuous, as from Minerva's purity."

We may add to the above what the Marquise de Boissy, whom Byron loved as Countess Guiccioli, has to say. This comes through Emile de Girardin's paper, the Liberte, in which M. Petrucelli della Gattina writes that the once lovely Marquise declares her intercourse with Lord Byron has never ceased. She writes to the great poet, places before her a large sheet of the blue wove paper, as Byron liked it, falls into a kind of ecstasy, lifts up her eyes to the ceiling, and, a few minutes afterwards, her hand runs on the paper involuntarily, without her looking at it, and the answer comes. Doctor Cerise, it appears, witnessed the phenomenon two years ago, and that very day Lord Byron's letter announced that "an American author was preparing to write on his life a book full of false and horrible things."

Harper's Bazaar says:—"The real cause of the separation, as told by Thomas Moore to Washington Irving, was improprieties committed by the poet in the drawing-room, and on one occasion in the presence of a servant, which, being told by Lady Byron on her return to her father's roof, excited that gentleman's wrath and the bitter animosity which he ever after exhibited toward the poet. Byron correctly stated that he did not know the exact cause of their separation, and the unfortunate destruction of his Memoirs, on which so much stress has been laid, would not have thrown any light on the subject. Neither the Memoirs nor the Byron family papers contain any such statement as has been set forth by Mrs. Stowe. There was no man living so likely to be acquainted with the real cause of separation as Thomas Moore, and his statement, as made to Washington Irving, is to our mind a complete refutation of Mrs. Stowe's very extraordinary charges against the poet and a lady now in her grave."

☞ The N. Y. Evening Post says that the six per cent. bonds of the United States are worth less in the market to-day than the three per cent. bonds in Great Britain, the four and a half per cents, of France, or even the bonds yielding equal interest issued by Russia, Italy, Turkey, Chili, Egypt, or the Danubian Principalities. Not a very flattering exhibit this.

☞ Bank-check books perforated after the manner of our postage stamps are used in London. They would be a great convenience here.

☞ It is estimated that the surplus revenue for the current fiscal year, principally from the gains in the collection of the taxes on whiskey, etc., will be one hundred and twenty millions of dollars ($120,000,000), which is likely to be at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury for the reduction of the public debt.

☞ The failure of Lockwood & Co., N. Y., it is reported, will be for about $30,000 000 or $35,000,000, owing to their heavy transactions in Western stocks.

☞ The Buffalo Express says Prince Arthur, who has been there, is "a slim breasted youth of nineteen, with dainty side-whiskers, very light hair parted three inches above his left ear, and with the royal nose and shelving forehead of the Georges."

☞ It is stated that Mrs. Beecher Stowe received £250 each from "Macmillan's" and the "Atlantic Monthly" for her article on "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life."—*London Echo.*

☞ Blindman's Buff is supposed to come nearer to genuine human sympathy than any other amusement known to the children of men, because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

☞ "How did you manage to get along in Paris without knowing the French language?" inquired a gentleman of Mrs. Shoddy. "Oh, we had an *interrupter* with us," complacently replied the old lady.

☞ It was the saying of an astute old statesman, that really it was a great waste of time to read and reply to letters; for that after six months half of them had answered themselves, and the other half had been proved unworthy a reply.

☞ An old trapper who crossed the Western plains thirty-five years ago, says there was no grass at all, but only a few sage bushes and cacti. Now there is a thin soil formed over the sand and gravel, and grass covers the entire surface. It appears that this enriching process goes on faster and faster every year.

Struck by Lightning.

The recent tragic death of two lovers at Stanningly, in Yorkshire, recalls a singularly like case in Oxfordshire, related by Pope in a letter addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in 1718, in which he says:—"Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighborhood. It was but this very morning he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the laborers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock; and John, who never separated from her, sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The laborers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. They first saw a little smoke, and after, the faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discoloring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave." Pope wrote three epitaphs for these lovers, one of which runs thus:—

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent His own lightning and the victims seized.

If, as it is suggested, a monument be raised to the memory of the lovers at Stanningly, the above epitaph might be adopted.

Brain-Work.

Mental work, or brain-work, is not injurious to health, nor does it shorten life when kept under proper hygienic regulations. We have held, in all we have said against excessive study in schools, or by thinkers out of schools, that mental effort is conducive to health and longevity, when properly mingled with labor and recreation. It will be remembered that this was the condition named. The Providence Journal, one of the very respectable dailies of New England, has discussed the following question: "Does brain-work shorten life?" The article is good, so far as it goes, and it discusses a question of importance.

"Does brain-work shorten life," then?

1st. Our answer to this question is as follows: *no*, when performed in a proper way; *yes*, when performed in an improper way. Any pupil in school, or any man or woman out of school, who labors more than four or five hours a day at hard study without recreation or relaxation, will find it injurious to health, and to shorten life. But the hardest student may live to extreme old age if he will observe the following rules, of which this is the first—mingle labor with recreation.

2d. Never study or apply the mind closely immediately after eating. There is but so much blood in the body, and when the stomach is digesting food, a larger proportion of it is there than at other times. So, when we think hard or study, more blood flows to the brain than at other times. But who does not see that there cannot be more blood than usual at all parts of the body at the same time?

3d. To be healthy, never study under the influence of stimulants. Many have written and produced wonderful compositions under the stimulus of alcohol and opium, and other poisonous narcotics. But such a course invariably shortens life. Men may study if they will only live right.—*Good Health.*

OCTOBER.

"Oh who would miss it? or forget
The suns that rise, the suns that set;
The rustle of the crimsoning leaf;
The gush and murmur of the stream;
The thoughts we think, the dreams we dream;
Those south-wind days—so bright, so brief—
Where, many-hued on wood and sky,
And many-voiced to ear and eye,
October shifts the scene?"

☞ An exchange says that "John Morrissey went to New York, only a few years ago, dilapidated and out of repair, and opened a small place of hazard. Now he is a millionaire and a member of Congress."—"*Place of hazard,*" is a neat way of putting it—drawing it very mild indeed.

☞ The Supreme Court at Dover, N. H., last week decided the case of Ricker against Freeman, giving the former $3,250 damages for injuries received eleven years ago. The parties were school-boys twelve years old, and had a scuffle, in which Freeman threw Ricker so violently against some hooks in the wall, that one entered his neck and did injury from which he has never recovered.

☞ Prince Napoleon, in his admirable speech before the French Senate, said, "The best method of combatting revolutions is to adopt what is good in them."

☞ The New England Wood Pulp Company will soon start a mill at Franklin for the manufacture of newspaper paper. The mill will have three Leffel water wheels of nine hundred horse power, and will use up five tons of pulp a day.

☞ As a lady in Franklin county, Ind., eighty-five years old, was attempting to remove a box of honey from a hive on Friday last, she was stung near the temple by a bee and died in less than ten minutes.

☞ The oat crop of 1869 amounts to 175,000,000 bushels. Some imported specimens of Michigan yielded sixty-four bushels to the acre, and of a weight of thirty-four pounds.

☞ The Pacific railroads are now carrying emigrants to California for $70 from Philadelphia or $42 from Omaha. The number of emigrants since the 1st of September has averaged 100 per day. They are carried on the express freight train, and make the trip in less than ten days. A large increase of business on this train is expected next year.

☞ How could "Old Dog Tray" be faithful and *be-tray?*

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

"Oak Hall Clothing is in every respect so superior, that we may safely style it the 'Champion' Clothing of America."

FOR FALL AND WINTER,

1869.

SUPERIOR

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Best Materials, Best Workmanship. } **Lowest Priced** { Best Styles, Best Everything.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Finest Piece Goods, Greatest Variety, } **Artistic Work** { Most Skillful Cutters, Most Careful Makers.

YOUTHS' & BOYS' CLOTHING.

New Styles, Tasteful Garments. } **Wear Well** { For all Purposes. For all Ages.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Collars and Cravats, Shirts and Suspenders, } **Best in the City** { Handkerchiefs & Gloves, Under Garments, &c.

A liberal deduction is always made by this House to Ministers, Missionaries, Editors of Religious Journals, &c.

Orders are received from all parts of the country, and promptly and satisfactorily filled. Samples sent when desired.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

PROPRIETORS,

OAK HALL BUILDINGS,

Whole Block on Sixth St., from Market to Minor, Philada. } Sixth and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

oct16-3m

$15. GOOD AS GOLD, THE GENUINE DOUBLE EXTRA $20.

OROIDE GOLD WATCH.

IMPROVED and MANUFACTURED only by us, are the Finest Hunting Cases, Full Jeweled Patent and Detached Levers. *Regulated and Guaranteed to keep correct time, and wear and not tarnish.* In appearance, make and finish, are equal to gold watches costing $150.

No money required in advance, but sent by express, at regular wholesale prices payable on delivery, with privilege to examine, and if not satisfactory return, by paying expressage.

A Single Watch $15. A CLUB OF SIX, WITH AN EXTRA WATCH TO THE AGENT FREE, $90.

Our Double Extra Refined Hunting Cases, Full Jewelled Levers, are equal to $200 gold Watches. Wholesale price $20, each. A club of six, with one to agent free, $120. Also elegant Oroide chains, ladies' and gentlemen's latest styles, 10 to 40 inches long, at $2, $4, $6 and $8 each. Avoid bogus concerns, and save money by ordering directly of THE OROIDE WATCH CO., 148 Fulton St., New York.

oct2-4t

PALMER 1866

PATENTS. BEST IN USE.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE

1609 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A.A.Limb Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed.

oct30-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

je27-tf

SALESMEN.—Wanted, a few reliable, energetic salesmen, to sell by sample standard goods. Address H. H. RICHARDS & CO., 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

sep25-4t

$100 A MONTH SALARY PAID for Agents, Male and Female; business new, pleasant and permanent. Address, enclosing 3 cent stamp, Van Allen & Co., 171 Broadway, New York. ☞ Also sample of another article, which retails at $3.50, sent for 50 cts.

oct9-4t

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of VENTRILOQUISM, and win the undying love of the fair sex, in one hour's practice. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

THE MYSTERIOUS PUZZLE.—A great sensation sent for 10 cents. WALTER HOLT, 102 Nassau St., New York. Box 1338.

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WHISKEY 10 CTS. A GALLON.—Instructions for 50 cents. Address S. C. WEST, Port Deposit, Maryland.

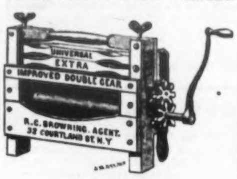
oct16-2t

"QUEER PICTURE," for Bar Rooms. Send 10 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland.

sep 18-3m

THE

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER



IMPROVED.

[Double Cogs and Double Pressure.]

The Strongest and Best Wringer in the Market.

The "Universal Improved" has *ROWELL'S PATENT DOUBLE COGS on one end of the roll*, in combination with the *PATENT STOP*, (which is in no other wringer, to prevent the Double Cogs *from separating so far as to lose their power.*

These Patent Double Cogs have very long and strong teeth, set alternately, so that the teeth in the one come opposite the spaces in the other, thus affording an upright tooth and centre pressure all the time *in the same wheel.*

The importance of this is not generally understood, and people sometimes buy a wringer *with single cogs on both ends of the shaft*, expecting to get the same advantage, but as articles can disconnect these single cog-wheels continually on either one side or the other, one-half of the power of the cogs is constantly lost; or if a large article passes through the centre, *all* the cogs are frequently disconnected and rendered useless. Such a wringer has double cogs for wringing a very small article, but practically only *Single Cogs* for a medium article, and *no Cogs at all* for a large article, when most needed.

The "Universal" has the patent

LEVER CLAMP,

which takes firm hold of the tub by pressing on *opposite sides of the same staves* (thus avoiding any possible strain or injury to the tub,) and is adjustable by a *single screw* to tubs of any size or curve.

The "Universal" also has the peculiar advantage of two pressure screws, so arranged with Patent Wooden Springs, that *each screw presses on both ends of the roll alike, the same as if it were in the centre*, while the two together give double the capacity for pressure.

The "Universal" has *all its iron parts either wrought or malleable iron* and is built so strongly and substantially that for years it cannot be broken in wringing garments by the strongest person.

We will now furnish the various sizes of this *best and strongest of all wringers*, on as liberal terms and at as low prices, in either large or small quantities, as other licensed wringers can be obtained.

Sold to the trade everywhere. No exclusive sale given.

The celebrated

DOTY WASHING MACHINE

Sold also on most favorable terms.

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,

oct9-2t 32 Courtlandt St., New York.

Madame La Rue's

CURLING COMPOUND,

For causing the Hair to naturally curl. This is a most desirable preparation to those who wish to improve their personal appearance. Price, 50 cents per box; or five boxes, $2.

Thorne's Italian Compound,

Without pain or smarting, instantly removes superfluous Hair from any part of the body, and prevents its re-growth. Ladies and others who are annoyed by the Hair growing low on the forehead or on the upper lip, or meeting of the eye brows, hands or arms, can at once remedy these blemishes to beauty. Price, 75 cents per package; or three packages, $2. Mailed, on receipt of price, by W. EARL, No. 26 Laight St., New York.

oct2-4t

~~**Dr. Burton's Tobacco Antidote.**~~

~~WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO. *It is entirely vegetable and harmless*, and is also an excellent appetizer. It purifies and enriches the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. *Smokers and chewers for sixty years cured.* Price Fifty cents per box. Post free. An interesting treatise on the injurious effects of tobacco, with lists of testimonials, references, etc., sent free. Agents wanted. Address DR. T. R. ABBOTT, Jersey City, N. J.~~

~~TESTIMONIALS.~~

~~FROM THE U. S. TREASURY, *Secretary's Office.*—Please send a supply of the ANTIDOTE. *The one received has done its work surely.* O. T. LOGAN.~~

~~FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON.—Gentlemen of influence here having been cured of the appetite for tobacco by using Dr. Burton's Antidote, we desire a supply for the prisoners of this institution. JOSEPH MAYO, Warden of N. H. State Prison.~~

~~A BANKER'S TESTIMONY.—Dr. Burton's Antidote for Tobacco *has accomplished all claimed for it.* WALTER HAHN, [illegible] Nat. B'k, New Albany, Ind.~~

~~FROM THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ALLEGHANY VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have used the Antidote with great success. It is curing all my friends. H. BLACKSTONE.~~

~~A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY. ONE BOX OF ANTIDOTE cured my brother and myself. IT NEVER FAILS. Rev. [illegible] W. SHOEMAKER, K[illegible]'s Station, Pa.~~

~~FROM THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LYNN, MASS.—*I have gained thirty-five pounds of flesh in three months by* using Dr. Burton's Antidote, and *all desire* for tobacco is removed. WM. E. WAIT, JR.~~

~~FROM THE SOUTHERN HOME JOURNAL, BALTIMORE, MD.—One box of Burton's Antidote *removed all desire* for the weed from me. I take pleasure in recommending it to all our readers, T. Y. SLATER, Editor.~~

The genuine has DR. ABBOTT'S name and address on each box. Direct all orders to DR. T. R. ABBOTT, Jersey City, New Jersey.

oct9-6m

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Lectures commence Oct. 4th, 1869. Thirty students taken at $20. No other expenses. For particulars, address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., 514 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

jy31-3m

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief.

Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 5033, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

sep11-8t

Have you seen it? If not, ☞ Send for Circular.

THE SCIENCE of A NEW LIFE

A New Book, of great importance and intense interest to the married and those about to marry. Address (with stamp,) COWAN & CO., 746 Broadway, New York City.

☞ Agents Wanted everywhere.

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CONSUMPTION

Is curable! We have a positive remedy for it and all disorders of the throat and lungs, and

CAN

offer immediate and permanent relief in all instances. See testimonials! $1,000 will

BE

given by us for any case in which we do not afford positive benefit. All who would be

CURED

can receive a sample of our medicine free.

Address, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York.

oct2-3m

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway, New York City.

Dr. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps.

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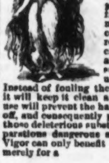
AYER'S

HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

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FORTY THOUSAND CASES OF GOODS were shipped from our house in one year, to families, clubs, and merchants, in every part of the country, from Maine to California, amounting in value to over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

Our facilities for transacting this immense business are better than ever before. We have agents in all the principal cities to purchase goods from the manufacturers, importers, and others, for **Cash**, and often at an immense sacrifice from the original cost of production.

Our stock consists, in part, of the following goods:

Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Ginghams, Dress Goods, Table Linen, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Skirts, Corsets, &c., &c.

Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons plated on Nickel Silver, Dessert Forks, five bottle plated Castors, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

Elegant French and German Fancy Goods, Beautiful Photograph Albums, the newest and choicest styles in Morocco and Velvet Bindings.

Morocco Travelling Bags, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, &c.

Gold and Plated Jewelry of the newest styles.

We have also made arrangements with some of the leading publishing houses, that will enable us to sell the standard and latest works of popular authors at about one-half the regular price;—such as BYRON, MOORE, BURNS, MILTON, and TENNYSON'S WORKS, in full gilt and cloth bindings—and hundreds of others. These and everything else for

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

We do not offer a single article of merchandise, that can be sold by regular dealers at our price. We do not ask you to buy goods from us unless we can sell them cheaper than you can obtain them in any other way—while the greater part of our goods are sold at about

One-Half the Regular Rates.

We want good reliable agents in every part of the country. By employing your spare time to form clubs and sending us orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions, either in **Cash or Merchandise,** and all goods sent by us will be as represented, and we guarantee satisfaction to every one dealing with our house.

Agents should collect ten cents from each customer and forward to us in advance, for descriptive checks of the goods we sell.

The holders of the checks have the privilege of either purchasing the article thereon described, or of exchanging for any article mentioned on our catalogue, numbering over 250 different articles—not one of which can be purchased in the usual way for the same money.

The advantages of first sending for checks are these: We are constantly buying small lots of very valuable goods, which are not on our catalogues, and for which we issue checks till all are sold, besides, in every large club we will put checks for WATCHES, QUILTS, BLANKETS, DRESS PATTERNS, or some other article of value, *giving some members of the club an opportunity of purchasing an article for about one-quarter of its value.*

In every order amounting to over $50, accompanied by the cash, the agent may retain $2.00, and in every order of over $100, $2.00 may be retained to

PAY THE EXPRESS CHARGES.

This offer is more especially to assist agents in the Western and Southern States, but is open to all customers.

COMMISSIONS:

Agents will be paid ten per cent, in cash or merchandise, when they *fill up their entire club*, for which below we give a partial list of commissions:

For an order of $30, from a club of thirty, we will pay the agent, as commission, 28 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, good Dress Pattern, Wool Square Shawl, French Cassimere Pants and Vest Pattern, one large White Counterpane, etc., etc., or $3 in cash.

For an order of $50, from a club of fifty, we will pay the agent, as commission, 45 yds. Sheeting, one pair heavy Wool Blankets, Poplin Dress Pattern, handsome Wool Square Shawl, Silver Case Watch, etc., etc., or $5 in cash.

For an order of $100, from a club of one hundred, we will pay the agent, as commission, 100 yds good yard-wide Sheeting, Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, rich long Wool Shawl, suit of all Wool French Cassimere, etc., etc., or $10 in cash.

We do not employ any travelling agents, and customers should not pay money to persons purporting to be our agents, *unless personally acquainted.*

SEND MONEY ALWAYS BY REGISTERED LETTERS.

For further particulars send for catalogues,

PARKER & CO.,

oct9-1y 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

SEND 25 CENTS IMMEDIATELY for the *BRIGHT SIDE*, one year, one of the *prettiest*, altogether the *cheapest*, and many say the *best* paper ever published for young people.

Specimen for stamp. Say where you saw this advertisement.

ALDEN & TRUE, Publishers, Chicago, Ills.

sep25-tf

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,

329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

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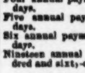


R. DOLLARD,

513

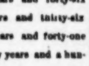
CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA,

PREMIER ARTISTE

IN

HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

no6-eowly

TARRANT'S

SELTZER

APERIENT.

The Human Telegraph.—The nerves are telegraphic fibres operated by the brain; but if the stomach, the great vitalizer of the system, is disordered, the whole nervous organization is partially shattered for the time being. TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT works wonders in cases of nervous debility arising from dyspepsia, by restoring the stomach to its normal condition, and keeping the bowels free.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are Ladies' and Gents', Lava Diamond Pins and Rings. For exquisite specimen address, with 21 cents, PAUL LEE & CO., 1272 Broadway, New York, (dealers in Real and Artificial Gems.)

sep25-4t

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—MY ITALIAN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow, thick and heavy on the smoothest face or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address J. SQUIRES, Box 1012, Binghamton, New York.

oct16-5t

CURL YOUR HAIR

THE RECEIPT, an entirely new Discovery for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey.

sep25-6m

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Marriage in Chicago.

The New York correspondent of the Mobile Register says—I once met a Chicago lawyer who warmly advocated marriage, and who explained his reason to me for so doing. For such a man to do such a thing was, to say the least, surprising. I listened with breathless interest while he gave me a brief history of his experience during the first ten years of his residence in that celebrated city.

Said he: "I first came to Chicago fifteen years ago. I had a friend living here whom I had known while he resided in New York, and conducted himself like a civilized man in a civilized community. As he had written to me to visit himself and his wife when I came to Chicago, I remembered the invitation when I did visit that city, and immediately on my arrival proceeded to his house. He was not at home just at the moment, and so I asked to see his wife, whom I had known only a year before in New York. In answer to my inquiry for Mrs. De Vorst, a pretty, blacked-eyed girl came into the drawing-room, and received me quite warmly.

"Well, we chatted very pleasantly together till my friend came in, and I really felt myself beginning to experience a very affectionate impulse toward her, supposing, of course, that she was his niece, or cousin, or uncle, or something of that sort. But in the course of the evening I asked him whether his wife was at home, and if so, when he proposed to let me see her.

"To my astonishment he replied, 'This lady is Mrs. De Vorse! I thought you were already aware of the fact.'

"Of course I blushed and felt horribly uncomfortable, and said I was not aware that he had lost Emily.

"'Oh,' said he, 'Emily is very well, and has married a partner of mine. We were divorced, you know, about six months ago, and I married my present wife only last week.'

"Well! I didn't feel quite so affectionate toward her after that, for I had been warmly attached to Emily; but we said no more about the matter, and I went away, vowing never to get myself into such a scrape again by asking after anybody's wife. I did not see my friend's new wife for about a month afterward, until I one day met her in the house of a mutual acquaintance, and in the course of conversation said to her: 'By-the-way, might I ask you to say to your husband that I want him to come to my office some day next week?'

"'I don't think you know my husband,' she replied, smilingly.

"'What do you mean?' said I, getting rather nervous.

"'Why, my new husband is named Smith,' she answered. 'I was separated from Mr. De Vorse yesterday morning, and married Mr. Smith last night.'

"I left that house pretty rapidly, and registered a second vow to the effect that I would never, to my dying day, ask a Chicago lady about her husband again. The two mistakes I had already made, as to Chicago wives and husbands, made me decidedly shy of them. But the very next day I went to De Vorse's store (corn, pork, and provisions), and found him engaged in conversation with a terribly angular female who looked like a compound of a New England old maid, a Western woman's rights lecturer, and an Arkansas squatter's wife.

"Of course I pitied my friend, and when the terrible female left, I remarked, 'I congratulate you on your escape; that horrible female would have exhausted any man's patience in ten moments' conversation.' What was my horror when he replied: 'I must beg you to speak more respectfully of that lady; she is at present my wife—a fact of which you are of course, unaware, as we were married very privately last night.'

"I never said a word, but fled abruptly from his presence. Once more I swore—and I went before a notary, who had the biggest kind of a Bible, so as to make the oath more binding—that never, never would I speak disparagingly of any Chicago woman to any man. After that I felt better, and for two weeks avoided making any more mistakes.

"At the end of that time, however, I met the new and angular Mrs. De Vorse, to whom I had in the meantime been introduced, having the liveliest kind of a quarrel with a big, prize-fighting looking fellow, who was apparently on the point of knocking her down. Of course I flew to her rescue, and demanded to know of the fellow what he meant; also, if he was aware who that lady was, and who her husband was? To which he briefly remarked, 'Thunder!'

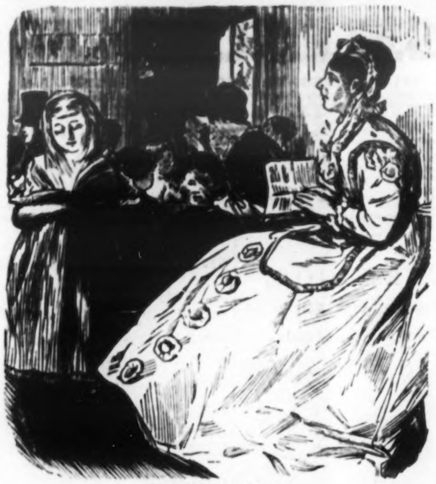
"I paid no further attention to him, but turning to Mrs. De Vorse, said, 'Madam, permit me to protect you from that ruffian's insolence.'

"Instead of thanking me, she actually slapped my face, and said, 'I'll teach you to interfere between man and wife. That's my husband, and we've been married three days. It's a pretty hard thing if a wife can't stop in the street to speak to her husband without having some idiot come and make a muss about it.'

"Now," continued the lawyer, "This is not only a true story, but it is a fair example of the continued trouble that a man gets into who lives in Chicago and doesn't know how to hold his tongue. You now understand why I hate Chicago customs, and why I go in for indissoluble marriages. I never made a mistake in asking a man about his wife the whole time I lived in New York, but here I have got into more awkward places and had more fights than I can count, just because no man or woman stays married more than a month at furthest."

We drank weak lemonade together in solemn thoughtfulness, and I parted from him with the feeling that, bad as it is to be indissolubly connected with an unpleasant mother-in-law, it is better than to be constantly bothered by a change of wife.

THE drill instructor of an old regiment of the line—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants, who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad—was putting a firing-party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks, so as to admit the passage of the supposed *cortege* between them, the instructor ordered the men to rest on their arms reversed. Then, by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he moved, "Now I am the corpse. Pay attention." Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a most solemn tone of voice: "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right; but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."



A SHREWD ANSWER.

LADY (at Sunday-school.)—"And what do you understand by 'The Pomps and Vanities of this Wicked World'?"

THE HEAD OF THE CLASS.—"The flowers in your bonnet, teacher!"

Where Are You?

Dr. Jewett had engaged to speak in the evening at W., in Massachusetts, and having no acquaintance in town, put up at the hotel. Among those who visited the bar during the afternoon was a Captain A., who kept himself about half seas over, and, remaining in the bar-room, drank about once an hour. Another was Squire H., a stout man of about fifty, whose manner indicated that he felt his importance, and as often as he came for his drink—and it was pretty frequently during the afternoon—he cast a look of contempt upon Captain A., whom he regarded as a miserable drunkard, though he did not swallow half as much liquor as himself. Drunk as he was, the captain noticed the contemptuous look of the squire, and no doubt resolved to be even with him when opportunity should afford; for he felt that he was as good a man as the squire, although, being a weaker man, he could not carry off steadily so much whiskey.

Captain A. was a genial, good fellow naturally, a perfect gentleman in his manner even when tipsy, and a great wit withal. During the afternoon he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Jewett, had a long talk with him, and concluded to accept the doctor's invitation to attend the lecture. The hall was filled. Captain A. sat on one of the front seats, and listened respectfully, though considerably intoxicated. When the service had ended, he rose, hat in hand, and, hardly able to stand steadily without support, spoke as follows:

"Fellow-citizens, the speaker has, in the conclusion of his interesting (hic) discourse, made an appeal to the drunkards. Well, it's all right and (hic) reasonable, and I have nothing to say against it. Now, I don't know but I'm the only (hic) drunkard there is in the room, and I hope I am; but—(and with this he turned partly about, and cast his eye over the room)—but, Squire H., where are you?"

A roar of laughter showed that this hard hit at the squire was fully appreciated and keenly relished by the audience. Years have since passed, but the recollection of that evening, the doctor's lecture, and this curious and laughable conclusion, have not faded from the memory of the people of W.

Eccentric Connecticut Yankees.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One of the most marked personages of old Windham county was a certain Revolutionary pensioner, by the name of Lincoln—surnamed Jonas, I believe. Living in the adjoining town, he was yet well known in Lebanon, where he frequently visited. Indeed, he was one whom the war had so unsettled that he was never at rest except when tramping around and "stirring about." He was a harmless, good-natured, cider-drinking, story telling old fellow, whom everybody was glad to see, bored with, chatted with, laughed at, and pitied, for he was alone in the world; a sad condition, which he, however, took very philosophically, consoling himself by sagely commenting on all the ills which married men and heads of families are heir to.

Though usually idle and vagabondish in his habits, he was a man of wonderful energy and perseverance when once his spirit was up. On one occasion, when he had extended a ramble to the vicinity of Hartford, he found himself at the ferry, opposite the city, without a shilling in his pocket. He proposed to the ferryman to allow him a free passage, promising to pay on his next visit. But the Yankee Charon refused, with a churlish, "No, mister, I don't take you nor no other old tramp for nothin'. So down with your rhino, or clear eout!" "Waal, then," exclaimed the old soldier, "you go to thunder with your old skeow! I won't be beholden to you, or anybody of your sort; for I'll just go reound yer darned old river—see if I don't." The ferryman laughed at what he took for an idle threat; but some weeks later he was accosted at the city-landing by the same red-cheeked, roughly-clad old soldier, who triumphantly exclaimed: "Waal, I *have* been reound your old river; and here I am in spite of you, old skinflint." It proved that he had actually performed the exploit of following the Connecticut river to its head—of going around it, in fact—with no other incentive than the desire to show himself independent of the ferryman.

On another occasion he applied for the loan of a scythe, at the house of a neighbor, who was a bridge-builder. "I'm raly sorry, Mr. Lincoln," said the wife of the mechanic, "that I can't accommodate ye; but my husband ain't to hum, ye see, and he says to me, jest before he went away, 'Betsy,' says he, 'don't you lend nothin' of mine, to nobody, not on no account, while I am gone.' So, Mr. Lincoln, ye see I can't let that scythe go, not even to *you*."

"Why, whereabouts is your husband, marm?"

"Oh, he's way deown in Pennsylvany, buildin' a bridge."

"Waal, I guess, if I go deown to where he's to work, and get his consent, ye'll lend me that are scythe."

"Sartin, Mr. Lincoln. But, man alive, what on airth du ye mean? I tell ye he's way deown in Pennsylvany."

The old soldier laughed in his droll, knowing way; then questioned her as to the exact locality of her husband's bridge-building operations, and took his leave.

That very afternoon he departed on one of his "grand towers," with only a change of linen, tied in a blue checked handkerchief, hanging from a stick over his shoulder, and whistling cheerily as he left the dull old town behind him.

About ten days or a fortnight later he appeared before the astonished mechanic, exclaiming: "Hullo! Billins, will you lend me your scythe for a spell! That are wife of yourn won't let it go without you say so. Got her pretty well under your thumb, hain't ye? Or, mebbe she's afeard to cut friendship 'tween her and me by lendin' an edged tool."

Ten days later Mistress Billings was astonished to see her eccentric neighbor appear, all dusty and travel-worn, at her door, and to hear him say quietly: "Yes, ma'am, your man says I *may* take that are scythe; and it's high time that little medder of mine was mowed."

☞ A DISPUTED "POINT."—Many years ago a then celebrated clergyman in Connecticut printed a pamphlet to explain the meaning of the Hebrew "point," and came very near creating a dissension, if not division, in his denomination; only, fortunately, a careful examination of the clergyman's copy of the Hebrew Bible showed that the doubtful and distracting "point" was, after all, only a fly-speck.

RECEIPTS.

APPLES AND HOW TO COOK THEM.—Apples for baking should always be cored. A hollow tube of tin, smaller at one end than the other, and five or six inches in length, makes a good corer.

They are also very nice boiled. Put into a stew pan, after coring, with sufficient water to cover, and boil slowly, until thoroughly done, with sugar and cinnamon sticks for flavor. After skimming out the apples, one can add more sugar, and boil the syrup longer, if desired.

If you have good apples, and wish a very nice sauce, pare and quarter as many as you like, and lay them in sugar for twenty-four hours—perhaps a quarter of a pound to a pound of fruit. This will keep them from falling to pieces and harden them, so that if cooked slowly, and skimmed out of the liquor, they will keep their shape perfectly. Bits of lemon peel, peach or rose leaves, are nice for flavoring.

Apples make a most delicious preserve; sweet ones can be used, but are not as good as sour. They should be hardened in their full weight of sugar, for at least twenty-four hours, using tight, firm apples, and large quarters, slicing in two or three fresh lemons to eight or ten pounds. Jelly made from apples is much pleasanter than that of currants. So marmalade, apple butter, etc., are invaluable in the fruit closet.

For puddings, pies and tarts, apples should generally be grated. For this purpose a large grater is wanted, which is convenient for many purposes, such as grating potatoes, horse radish, etc. This grated apple, mixed with milk, cream, or melted butter and eggs, made very sweet, flavored with wine and nutmeg, and baked on one crust, makes a pie fit for a king.

A nice pudding is made by placing half a dozen cored apples in a pudding dish, and pouring over them a smooth, rich batter, to be eaten with any sauce you please. Layers of stewed or grated apples are very nice between layers of rice.

A pretty dish for dessert may be made by rolling thin several layers of good cream dough, about the size of a breakfast plate, and frying in hot fat; place grated and seasoned apple between the several layers and serve hot. I have said nothing of the beauties of apple dumplings, whose very name touches a tender memory of childhood and home, nor of many other dainties, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful housekeeper.

Cider, "those delicate juices," is always a convenience in cooking and a pleasant draught in hot weather (don't laugh my uninitiated reader), when prepared so as to keep sweet, as it may be by a simple chemical process, and flavored with wintergreen in the barrel.

There is no form which will supersede the use of the apple in its natural state. Nothing can be more healthful or tasteful for dessert. A good Russet will keep until May, and

"Sure all the toothsomest flavors
They hold the cream of!"

But if you do not agree with me, here is one that cannot fail to please.

"Bite through its vesture of flame,
And then you will gather
All that is meant by the name—
'Seek no further!'"

—*Country Gentleman.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Matters in October.

Each month in the year has its *special*, as well as general duties. The special ones are those which can more appropriately be performed now than at any other time. October will probably afford all farmers better opportunities for doing many things than will occur doing any other month of the year. It is certain that many kinds of work cannot be done while the ground is in a frozen condition.

One of these duties is that of draining lands which are unfit for cultivation in consequence of a surplus of standing water in and upon them.

The importance of drainage is better appreciated than it formerly was; indeed, many persons *believe* in it *now*, who never did before. Some progressive neighbor has placed an example before them, whose excellent results have won them over to the good work.

Few operations on the farm are scarcely less economical than attempting to cultivate land that has standing water in it. It is in a great measure labor thrown away. The soil is inactive, torpid as it were, so that it is about as capable of producing crops as the frog pond itself. Such lands will produce a certain amount of grass of an ordinary quality, and if drainage upon them is inexpedient in consequence of want of outlet, distance from home, too rocky or otherwise expensive, the best way is to let it produce what fodder it will without bestowing much labor upon it, or allow it to grow up to wood, if it will. Thorough drainage will pay a better interest on the sum expended in doing it, than United States bonds, or most other investments.

Another October duty is with regard to manure. We have often stated as our opinion that there is no mode of applying manure to the soil, which is so cheap, and at the same time so efficacious, as to apply it in its crudest condition and plough it under the surface some two to four inches. This opinion was formed from the most careful practice in the employment of manures in various forms and ways.

When ploughed under towards the close of October, it suffers no loss whatever. Whenever the soil becomes sufficiently warm to induce fermentation, the gases thrown off are at once taken up and held by the soil—storing them in fact—for future use. This operation is said also to have a mechanical effect upon the soil, similar to that of yeast in a pan of dough, raising it by separating the particles, and thus making it lighter for the roots of plants to travel in, and to admit warmth and air.

If inconvenient to plough under, manure may be taken to the field, placed in a compact heap and covered with loam. It should be placed as near the spot where it is to be used as possible. In this form and place it will be ready for early overhauling in the spring.

It is time in October to commence fattening the swine, by feeding them more liberally than they have been through the warmer months. They will gain faster now than when the weather is cold. Always furnish them with a *dry bed*, and where the wind will not reach them, especially through cracks in the floor. They will thrive better if fed upon a variety of food, and some of it should be of a succulent or juicy nature, in order to keep the system in the most healthy condition.

Do not allow the stock to feed the mowing fields too closely. The effect is hurtful to future crops. The growth of the plants is stopped by taking off the leaves continually. If the plants continue to grow until arrested by frost they take deeper root, are better able to resist winter killing, and are made permanently better.

October affords a good time to clear up under walls, to repair fences, cut bushes, to put the buildings in order by making needed repairs before November winds break down barn doors, or set shingles and clapboards flying.

Finally, the present is an excellent time to make a great deal of preparation for the work of next spring. Very much may be done now to forward business, in removing stones from fields that are to be sowed to grain and grass in the spring, and by ploughing and levelling them for that purpose. This preparation is a slow work, so that by doing much of it now, the spring work will go briskly along, and crops will be in all in good time.

These any many other things may be done in the pleasant month of *October.—New England Farmer.*

Reading for Farmer Boys.

But for the co-operation of my boys, I should have failed, I fear. I worked hard, and so did they. The eldest is nearly twenty-one, and, while other boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents, mine have stuck by me and been faithful to me when I most needed their services. And I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make home pleasant to them. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading matter; and when night comes on and the day's labor is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railway-station and adjoining towns, they gather around the great lamp, and become absorbed in their books and papers.

Such is substantially the testimony of the farmer who has known how hard the struggle for a footing on free soil without capital is, and how valuable and comparatively cheap are the aids which good reading always brings to him.—*D. C. B., in Chicago Republican.*

"CANNING" eggs in their own shells is something new in the preserving line. But the process was explained at a late meeting of the New York Farmers' Club. When two or three dozen eggs are obtained from the nests, place them in a dish and pour scalding water over them, and immediately turn it off. This process is repeated three times, by which means the albumen is fixed or coagulated, the pores of the shells closed, and the egg, as it were, canned in its own covering. The eggs thus prepared are then packed in salt, with the apex downward, and they are said to keep perfectly fresh for many months.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 99 letters.
My 1, 17, 29, 72, 47, 79, is an animal.
My 2, 16, 36, 50, 41, 85, is a fruit.
My 5, 24, 45, 30, 56, 76, is a bird.
My 11, 43, 62, 96, 3, 87, is a plant.
My 12, 35, 49, 88, 99, 28, is an animal.
My 15, 8, 37, 59, 83, 6, is a bird.
My 19, 45, 86, 3, 62, 82, is a tree.
My 22, 9, 48, 32, 60, 93, is an animal.
My 23, 18, 46, 11, 61, 78, is a bird.
My 26, 10, 7, 69, 97, 55, is a fish.
My 27, 53, 4, 38, 20, 58, is a tree.
My 30, 80, 65, 92, 77, 25, is a reptile.
My 34, 70, 11, 20, 95, 31, is an insect.
My 41, 14, 74, 8, 68, 52, is a bird.
My 42, 4, 13, 67, 41, 12, is a vehicle.
My 44, 75, 90, 63, 13, 6, is an animal.
My 51, 21, 64, 41, 2, 33, is a reptile.
My 57, 30, 39, 73, 17, 94, is an insect.
My 62, 3, 54, 34, 22, 66, is a bird.
My 71, 18, 98, 15, 35, 40, is an animal.
My 81, 92, 9, 89, 84, 47, is a bird.
My 91, 29, 12, 46, 10, 38, is a flower.
My whole is a poetical quotation.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 12, 6, 4, 15, is a range of mountains in Pennsylvania.
My 12, 2, 13, 20, 5, is a town of Massachusetts.
My 14, 20, 8, 15, is a town of New York.
My 1, 2, 10, 5, 18, is a town of Virginia.
My 9, 11, is a river of Virginia.
My 16, 22, 17, is to perceive.
My 19, 4, 7, 2, is a town of Russia.
My 7, 20, 21, 14, is an abbreviation.
My whole is the name of the inventor of a great help.

Problem.

The distance from A to B is 53 miles. Suppose a traveller leaves B at 6 o'clock in the morning for A, travelling 5 miles per hour; and at 7 o'clock another traveller leaves A for B, travelling 3 miles per hour. Where and at what time will they meet?

FELIX.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The semi-axes of an ellipse are 20 and 30 feet. Required—The area of the maximum rectangle that can be inscribed in the ellipse.

ELI FLINT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Age Question.

If I divide the years of my age by 8, then 5 will remain; if I divide them by 5, then 4 will remain; but if I divide them by 6, then 3 will remain. What may be the number of years of my age? X.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are sheep the most dissipated animals in creation? Ans.—Because they gambol in their youth, spend most of their days on the turf; the best of them are blacklegs, and they are sure to be fleeced at last.

☞ Why do little birds in their nest agree? Ans.—Because if they did not they would fall out.

☞ What is that which the rich man wants, the poor man has, the miser spends, and the spendthrift saves? Ans.—Nothing.

☞ Why are wheat and potatoes like the idols of old? Ans.—Because the former have ears, and hear not, and the latter eyes, but see not.

☞ When may a ship be said to be foolishly in love? Ans.—When she is attached to a buoy. When madly in love? When she is ankering after a heavy swell. When ambitiously in love? When she is making for a pier.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA.—Major-General George Brinton McClellan. METAGRAM—Luck, duck, lock, lurk, Lucy.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of July 3rd—A, D, is 47.75 plus; C, D, is 32.59 plus; B, D, is 40.44 plus—E. P. Norton, J. N. Soders.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 7th—91-144.—A Martin, J. Scott.

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of same date—Diameter of auger hole, 4.4412 plus inches.—W. Hoover. 4.42125 plus inches.—J. Scott.

Answers to J. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—Proportion is 4 to 5 very nearly. J. Phebus, J. Scott, Daniel Diefenbach.

Preservation of Leather.

The following valuable hints in regard to the preservation of leather, we copy from the Shoe and Leather Reporter:—

The extreme heat to which most men and women expose boots and shoes during the winter, deprives leather of its vitality, rendering it liable to break and crack.

When leather becomes so warm as to give off the smell of leather, it is singed. Close rubber shoes also destroy the life of leather. All varnishes, and all blacking containing the properties of varnish, should be avoided.

Shoe-leather is generally abused. Persons know nothing or care less about the kind of material used than they do about the polish produced. Vitriol blacking is used till every particle of oil in the leather is destroyed. To remedy this abuse, the leather should be washed once a month with warm water; and when about half dry, a coat of oil or tallow should be applied, and the boots set aside for a day or two. This will renew the elasticity and life in the leather, and when thus used, upper leather will seldom crack or break.

Don't wash harness with water and soap. No harness is ever so soiled that a damp sponge will not remove the dirt. When a harness loses its lustre and becomes brown, which almost any leather will do after long exposure to the air, the harness should be given a new coat of grain-black. Before using this grain-black, the grain surface should be thoroughly washed with potash water until the grease is killed, and after the application of the grain-black, oil and tallow should be applied to the surface. This will not only "fasten the color," but make the leather flexible. A harness which is grained can be cleaned with kerosene or spirits of turpentine, and no harm will result if the parts affected are washed and oiled immediately afterward.